Gc
929.2
T2116t
1164737

M. L

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01393 8466

10-

William Harrison Taylor

and

Four Generations

of the

Taylor Family

Alan McLean Taylor

Dedication and Acknowledgment

On November 29, 1936, my father, William Harrison Taylor, would have been one hundred years old. It is in commemoration of his birth and life that I am assembling these facts about the family. This seems necessary as earlier generations apparently have not deemed it of sufficient importance, consequently have neglected it, leaving the later generations in considerable confusion and embarrassment over the subject.

The effort has been made for several years to make the connection of Samuel Taylor and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor with their parents in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. In their childhood this community was a part of Virginia. Their son, Jason, has left no records of the family, and their daughter, Julia (Taylor) Lamb, who was born in Ohio, had no information whatsoever. How easy it is for a generation to get away from the past unless some record is kept! This regrettable obscurity of record helps to explain the purpose of my present writing. The facts obtained concerning my family are interesting and significant beyond their immediate value to those who now or hereafter share the Taylor blood. In a way they record the migration, settlement and increase of an average American family which located in the middle west in the early pioneer days of the 19th century.

Again, if a record of the writer's memory of the happy married life of his parents and the happy home life they afforded their children can be made, he will feel that he has handed on to their descendants a truly great legacy which otherwise might be lost.

1164737

Their character and their attitude toward life form an intangible heritage of which their offspring can justly be proud.

So this record is made and handed on by the writer with deep affection and gratitude for those parents who made life relatively easy for him.

In compiling the material for this sketch we are indebted to many people who have contributed information. Receipt of this information has been helpful but getting in touch with several cousins whom the writer has known in previous years, and hearing from others whom we had never known before, has been of itself an added pleasure.

The compilation is in no sense complete; there is probably much more that could have been done in the way of research if time had not been a factor. We leave the inaccuracies and the gaps as a challenge to some other descendant of Samuel Taylor and Elizabeth Stipp, his wife.

The writer is particularly indebted to two persons who have done much in the preparation of this little sketch: they are his sister, Rose Kendall Taylor, whose memory, letters, diaries and financial aid help to make it possible, and JS Gray, editor of the Monroe (Michigan) Evening News, who has read copy, corrected it, saved the writer from literary pitfalls, and at the same time contributed materially in the publication of the same. Thus, in a small way would the writer express his gratitude.

Adrian, Michigan. Alan McLean Taylor.
November 29, 1936.

Alan McLean Taylor Co. — $10.00

I

Four Generations of Taylors in Ohio

Shepherdstown, West Virginia, is a charming little town a few miles north of Harper's Ferry on the Potomac River, in the midst of beautiful, fertile, rolling country at the very top of the famous Shenandoah Valley. Seeing this country early in the month of May, gorgeous with apple blossoms and lilacs, one wonders why any family would choose to leave it and plunge into the many uncertainties of the wilderness beyond the Ohio River in the early years of the nineteenth century. But we must take into account the spirit of the pioneers who were willing to face those uncertainties and be grateful for their indomitable courage and perseverance.

All that section was originally in Orange County, Va., and remained so until October 1743 when Frederick Co. was formed from Orange. In 1772 Berkeley Co. was formed from Frederick and in 1801 a part of Berkeley was set apart as Jefferson Co. When West Virginia became a separate state in 1863 the two counties of Berkeley and Jefferson were included within its boundary. These dates would show that when Samuel Taylor was married to Elizabeth Stipp in 1801 and when they set out on their migration into Ohio, all that section was still within the state of Virginia. But since 1863 Shepherdstown has been in W. Va. and the records of Berkeley Co. are in the Court House at Martinsburg, the county seat.

One date is fixed; Samuel Taylor and Elizabeth Stipp were married by the Rev. Moses Hoge, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Shepherdstown, on March 5, 1801, this being a matter of record in the office of the County Clerk, Martinsburg. On their tombstones in the burial lot on their own farm in Salem Township, Shelby Co., Ohio, the date of Samuel's death is given as August 23, 1854, age 77 while that of Elizabeth is May 7, 1865, age 83 years 6 months. This would make Samuel's birth in 1777 and Elizabeth's in 1782.

These dates are facts, now we have to deal with something in the nature of legend. In A. B. C. Hitchcock's History of Shelby Co., Ohio, we find it stated that Samuel was of English descent while Elizabeth Stipp was of German stock, that they migrated first to a point near West Liberty, Ohio, which is in Logan Co. and, as a matter of fact, but a very few miles directly east of Sidney. Legend has it that Elizabeth became dissatisfied with her new surroundings and that they had returned to Virginia. Whether they returned to Virginia or not, they might easily have tarried for awhile near West Liberty then continued on into Shelby Co. Clinton Township, in which Sidney is located, was originally organized as a part of Miami Co. and was not incorporated in Shelby Co. until 1825.

Their first child, Jason, was born in the same year of their marriage, 1801, but they did not move west until there were several children, so we can give the legendary date of 1812, during the War of that year, as the one when they severed their connections with

their families in Shepherdstown, concentrating completely on the new life in Ohio. Many families were likewise migrating at that time so they probably had companionship across the mountains and down the river and through the wilderness. They entered land in what is now Salem Township, Shelby Co., not so very far from Port Jefferson, where they built a log cabin on a suitable hill on the 160 acre purchase. There they remained clearing the farm, rearing their family and doing their part in making Shelby Co. a better section in which to live. They were long remembered as one of the county's well-known pioneer families.

My father and my Uncle Oliver could remember vividly visiting their grandparents on this farm in their boyhood, when a more pretentious house had taken the place of the log cabin. In 1913 when a group of us visited that spot with them, they explained the great change which had taken place in the countryside. Where they remembered the vast primeval forest, we saw in 1913 a wide stretch of many acres of waving corn. That in itself was a silent statement of the prodigious labor and the ultimate success of the pioneer. General Gordon said "England was never made by her statesmen, England was made by her adventurers", and something similar can be said of the pioneers who won the west to civilization during the 19th century.

The obituary of Julia A. (Taylor) Lamb in the Sidney Daily News of February 1, 1916, stated that there were eleven children born to Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor. That may be so but there is a record of only seven who grew to maturity. These are Jason, born September 16, 1801, George Washington and Lewis William, who apparently went west, Shelby who moved to Lima, O., Margaret Extine who married Mark Antony Brodrick and moved to Elkhart, Ind., Susan, married to Abner Gerrard, January 24, 1828, and Julia A. born on the farm in Salem Township on July 13, 1824, where she lived until her marriage to James A. Lamb at Port Jefferson, June 8, 1843. Of some of these we have definite information but of others, nothing at all.

We shall begin with Aunt Julia as she lived to be nearly 92 years of age, was known by at least four generations, loved by all, and venerated by the whole community. She kept her faculties remarkably and in her last years appeared to be not more than seventy years of age. She had a large circle of friends, each one always deriving much pleasure from a visit with Aunt Julia. She died of pneumonia January 31, 1916, and was buried in Graceland Cemetery. We quote from the obituary of her in the Sidney Daily News at the time of her passing.

"They came to Sidney and began housekeeping in the Martz homestead on Miami avenue near the present Lamb homestead.

After living there for several years Mr. Lamb erected the house known as the Collins property on Ohio avenue and resided there for thirty-three years. They then purchased the Marshall property on east Poplar street and later when the Zinn property, the present homestead, was offered for sale it was purchased and she had resided there ever since. Thus she had resided practically all her life since her marriage within a few squares.

James A. Lamb, her husband, was formerly one of Sidney's most prominent business men. He came to Sidney in 1842 with Col. E. Zinn. They conducted a general store for several years, also being engaged in the manufacturing business. At the formation of the Citizens bank in 1870 he was elected as its first president and served in that capacity up to the time of his death on December 9, 1898. They had no children.

"Mrs. Lamb, almost up to the time of her death, was a remarkably well preserved woman, retaining her erect carriage and was always interested in the leading events of the day. A devout member of the Presbyterian church she was a regular attendant of church and the Sunday school when she was able and always had taken a deep interest in church work. She was a great lover of children and interested always in their development physically, morally and spiritually. Her generosity made the High school athletic field and playground, known as the 'Julia A. Lamb Playground', a reality and will remain as a monument to her memory for generations to come.

"With her death a good and noble woman has passed into the great beyond. She was one of nature's noblewomen, of beautiful Christian character and her memory will be greatly beloved and revered by every one."

Another clipping from the Sidney paper records the following:

"The fourteen hundred children enrolled in the Sidney schools have voted unanimously to take up a collection among themselves for the purpose of procuring a bronze memorial tablet for Mrs. Julia A. Lamb. The plan has been approved by the Board of Education and the tablet will be erected in the auditorium of the new High school building. The Senior class in the High school has taken the initiative in the matter and are donating from 25c to 50c each. After the tablet is procured and set in place it is proposed to have an unveiling and suitable memorial exercises for Mrs. Lamb.

"The children of the school have enthusiastically endorsed the proposition and are contributing from five to twenty-five cents each. It is hoped that at least $200 can be raised for the proposition. The children look upon Mrs. Lamb as their friend and benefactor. It was she who made the Playground possible, and it was she who has given more generously of her means than any other citizen in Sidney for the benefit of the children.

"The Julia A. Lamb Field and Playground will be perpetual and throughout the generation to come, her name will be honored and her memory revered.

"All schools of the city will be dismissed at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in her honor."

Margaret Extine (Eckstein) Taylor was born in Shepherdstown, Va., in 1814 and moved with her parents to Shelby Co., Ohio, as a very small child. She married Mark Antony Brodrick in 1832 in Wapakoneta and in 1836 they moved to Indiana, being among the founders of the village of Elkhart. Mark A. Brodrick died in 1856. After her children were grown Margaret Extine (Taylor) Brodrick married Robert D. Braden. Katherine Boyd Schwin, from whom the information on this branch of the family has come, writes, "My grandmother was a wonderful woman, she could manage her finances so well. She was left a widow with three children, and she managed a farm to good advantage, finally selling it in town lots, and always keeping her own counsel about her affairs until the day of her death". She died in 1901.

The Brodricks had three children to grow to maturity, Jason, Margaret Jane and Frances.

Margaret Jane Brodrick married Willis Sink and they had two children, Jessie Exstine and Andrew Jackson Sink. Jessie Exstine Sink married Oliver Roberts, and they had two children, Gladys and Eugene. Andrew Jackson Sink married Bertha Zimmerman. Margaret Jane (Brodrick) Sink later married Thomas L. Boyd of East Greenwich, R. I., in 1872. Their daughter was Katherine who married Payson Schwin, who had two children, Helen Louise and Newell Taylor Schwin. Newell T. Schwin married Mary C. Lowell and they have a daughter Helen Lowell.

Frances Brodrick married Henry Runyan and their daughter was Elizabeth who married Hervey Evans and whose children were Mildred, Clifford, Frances, and Justus. Later Frances (Brodrick) Runyan married Denton A. Fleming and their son was George W. Fleming, who was a Real Estate and Insurance Agent in Elkhart in 1936. Elizabeth (Runyan) Evans was living in South Bend, Ind., in 1936.

Jason Brodrick married Charlotte Punches by whom he had a son William who in turn married Charlotte Decker. They had a daughter Charlotte. After the death of his first wife William Brodrick married Anna Martindale by whom he had two children, Shirley Orville and Wilma C. Brodrick. Shirley left two children, Robert and Jean; Wilma married Herman Reich. They have two children, Robert Mark and William James.

Jason Brodrick's second wife was Mahala Tompkins and they had a son, Frank, who in 1936 is living in Arvada, Colo. Frank

married Cora Shaver and they had two daughters, Ruth, who married Leroy S. Palen, and Florence, who married Victor Young. The Youngs had one daughter, Margaret.

Lewis Taylor, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor, was born in 1817 and married Mary Musselman in Shelby Co., Ohio, May 12, 1844. He died April 2, 1875 and she died Aug. 1, 1912, at Lima, O., and was buried at De Graff, O. His granddaughter, Florence Butler Snite, states that he was the original Taylor of the famous firm of Lord and Taylor in New York City. He would spend several months in New York then the same in Ohio. He died at the age of 58 from tuberculosis as the result of a bullet wound received during the Civil War. He was Captain of Co. C, 45th O. V. I.

Lewis Taylor had an extremely valuable Masonic Library but after his death, his wife not knowing the value of it, sold it to some rag-picker.

To this union were born ten children as follows,—Susan Adelaide, born March 3, 1845, near Port Jefferson, Shelby Co., O., and married to John H. Worth at Sacramento, Calif., July 1, 1880; Charles, born at Logansville, Logan Co., O., Jan. 19, 1847. Married Flora B. Kelly, Aug. 12, 1874 and died at Portland, Oregon, May 24, 1931; Laura, died in childhood; Alice, born at Logansville, O., Nov. 28, 1851, married to John H. White, Jan. 1880, and died at Detroit, Mich., Jan. 11, 1899; Johnetta, born at De Graff, O., Aug. 30, 1854, married Frank Butler, Dec. 2, 1875 at Bellefontaine, O., now living in Denver, Colo.; two children died in infancy; Will H., born at De Graff, O., Nov. 5, 1860, married to Anna Watson at Newton, Kansas, Jan. 17, 1889, living in Denver, Colo.; Anna, died in infancy; Edwin B., born at De Graff, O., May 2, 1865, whereabouts unknown.

Johnetta Taylor married Frank Butler. He was born in Warren Co., Ohio, Oct. 13, 1852 and died at Wilmette, Ill., Oct. 5, 1920. Buried at Bellefontaine, O. Their offspring were as follows: —Bertha Case, born May 1, 1878 and died Feb. 24, 1882; Florence May, born May 23, 1881; Harry Lloyd, died in infancy; Iva Cornelia, born Oct. 28, 1885.

Florence Butler married Albert P. Snite in Bellefontaine, O., Aug. 13, 1907, and they had two children, Albert Osborn Snite and John Taylor Snite. Albert Osborn Snite was born April 27, 1912, and married Elizabeth Georgiana Pierce on April 21, 1933 in New York City. They are living in Highland Park, Ill.

John Taylor Snite was born Jan. 7, 1915, and married Mary Kathryn Gleason on Oct. 7, 1933 in Wilmette, Ill. They have a son, Peter Taylor Snite, born Aug. 17, 1936, in Evanston, Ill., who is with his parents in Highland Park, Ill.

Iva Cornelia Butler married Julius Kastner in New York City, Feb. 7, 1916. They had a daughter, Frances Johnnette Kastner, born Nov. 25, 1916. She is living with her mother and grandmother, Johnetta (Taylor) Butler, in Denver, Colo.

George Washington Taylor, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor was born in Shepherdstown, W. Va., Nov. 26, 1804, and moved to Shelby Co., Ohio, with his family. He attended Ohio Wesleyan College at Delaware, O., but did not graduate, becoming a local Preacher in the M. E. Church. He married Mary Hathaway, born at Troy, O., June 11, 1807, on June 1, 1825, at Sidney, O. In 1845 they moved to Valparaiso, Ind., and he went into merchandising in order to support his large family. Both of their sons, Jason and Samuel, attended Ohio Wesleyan. George W. and his son, Samuel, died the same year, 1849, from dysentery, an epidemic that swept the state that year. Mary (Hathaway) Taylor died at Valparaiso Feb. 12, 1861.

Their children follow:—Susan Gerard, born Jan. 21, 1828, died May 19, 1920; Lydia, born 1832, died Oct. 31, 1905; Cynthia Kingvey, born Jan. 9, 1834, in Sidney, died Oct. 16, 1906; Sophronia Agnes, born at Sidney Aug. 20, 1838, died June 23, 1889; Julia, born Nov. 28, 1840; John, born 1845, died Oct. 16, 1905. Samuel, William, Eliza and Jason died young.

Susan Gerard was married to Matin Wood and lived in Crown Point, Ind. Their children were, Owen, living in Topeka, Kan.; Cordelia, married to James Herrick, cousin of Robert Herrick, American Ambassador to France during the World War; Helena married to Dr. Amoss of St. Paul, Minn; Cynthia married to Henry Sohr, Hammond, Ind.; Benton; Harvey; Frederick M.

Lydia married David White. Their children were George Washington who became a minister in the M. E. Church and was bishop of that denomination in Oakland, Cal. He was also, at one time Pres. of the U. of S. Cal. He is living in 1936 at 1346 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Warren, son of George W. White, has been for 14 years a Professor in the College of the Pacific, Stockton, Cal. He is married and has two children.

Celia, daughter of David and Lydia White, married John F. Johnson and after his death married a man named Lee. She lived in Desoto, Iowa. Harry E., son of David and Lydia, living in San Diego, Cal., married and has three children.

Cynthia Kingvey, daughter of George W. and Mary Taylor, married Leander Perry Williams, March 18, 1852. He was born Sept. 12, 1831. Their children follow:—Frank Lee, William Everard, Mary Leveno and Lizbeth Elreane.

Frank Lee Williams was born June 27, 1853, and married Sue Belle Danenhower. Their children follow:—Rachel, b. Dec. 9, 1899, married Edward Johnston Gray, Dec. 28, 1914. The Grays

in turn had three children, Johnston W., b. Jan. 20, 1915 in Washington, D. C.; Cornelia W., b. Nov. 6, 1918, in Cal.; and Barbara Lee, b. Feb. 8, 1923, in Washington, D. C. Leander Danenhower Williams, son of Frank and Sue Belle, b. Oct. 11, 1891 d. June 1, 1918. William Everard, son of Frank and Sue Belle Williams, b. Nov. 22, 1894, married Paula P. Brown in Cleveland, O., and they have a son Lea Everard, b. July 25, 1924. This Wm. Everard is a patent attorney in Cleveland, O.

William Everard Williams was born July 6, 1858, and married Ella Houston. Their daughter, Mabel Jane, b. July 20, 1883, married Arthur B. Heaton, Oct. 1, 1902. The Heatons had two children, Doris, b. Dec. 18, 1905, and James, b. Dec. 25, 1910. Doris Heaton married Charles M. Nash, Dec. 31, 1933. The Nashs have two children, Charles, Jr., b. Jan. 15, 1934, and Patricia, b. July 5, 1936. Another daughter of William E. and Ella Williams is Elreane Taylor, b. May 2, 1886, and married to Walter L. Pipes, April 30, 1912. They in turn had a daughter, Jane Pipes, b. Aug. 24, 1913, who is to be married to George Selden Briggs, Prof. at Rutgers College in N. J.

Mary Leveno, daughter of Cynthia and Leander Williams, was born Aug. 22, 1868, and married Alfred Watts Levensaler in Center Lovell, Me., Aug. 18, 1909. He was born at Thomaston, Me., May 15, 1876. They have two sons, Atwood, b. in Washington, D. C. in 1911, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1933; the second son is Whitman, b. in Washington, D. C., in 1913. He graduated from the University of New Hampshire in 1935.

Lizbeth Elreane, daughter of Cynthia and Leander Williams, b. March 25, 1872, and married to John Sargent Stearns, Sept. 22, 1897. Their children are John Lester, William Perry, and Elsie M. Lizbeth Elreane d. April 9, 1928. John Lester Stearns, b. July 22, 1898, married Amelia Holiday in Boston, Mass., and they have three living children (in 1936), Elizabeth, b. Oct., 1924; Amelia Ferris, b. Oct. 12, 1930; and John Sargent, b. 1934. William Perry Stearns, b. Sept., 1900, was married and has one child, Barbara; Elsie M. Stearns, b. May 18, 1902, was married to Alden Dallas Redfield of Short Hills, N. J., in 1927. They have three children, Eva, b. Dec. 24, 1928; Frances, b. 1930; and John Alden, b. March, 1933.

Sophronia, daughter of George W. and Mary (Hathaway) Taylor, married Charles Thomas and their children were Alice Emma, b. March 28, 1859; Charles, b. Sept. 11, 1856; William, b. April 28, 1862; Floda, b. June 3, 1860; Mary, b. March 28, 1870; Grace, b. Aug. 25, 1874.

Alice Emma married a man named Brown and later on a man named Broughton. Living in Grand Rapids, Mich. She had a son Alton L. Brown, b. Sept. 20, 1891, who lived in Toledo, O. Floda's married name was Conkling and she had two children, Lloyd, b. April 16, 1883, and Bernice, b. May 30, 1886. Both living in

Dowagiac, Mich. Mary E. Thomas was married to J. Frank Linsenmayer of Keeler, Mich., Sept. 2, 1894. They had three children; Ward W., b. July, 1896; Ruth Rhea, b. April 15, 1900; and Bruce E., b. Sept. 8, 1911. Living in Beulah, Mich. Ward W. Linsenmayer had one son, Russell Reid, b. Jan. 5, 1921.

Grace Thomas was married to Will Clark and they had two sons, Merle E., b. April 14, 1897, and James W., b. Oct. 17, 1903. Merle played the grand organ in the Michigan Theatre, Detroit, Mich.

Julia, daughter of George W. and Mary (Hathaway) Taylor was married to Willis Sturges at Valparaiso, Ind., and moved to Mechanicsville, Iowa. Their children were Ernest, George, Charlie, Frank, Fred, Lizzie (Mrs. Charles Warren), and Winifred.

John Fulton, son of George W. and Mary (Hathaway) Taylor, b. Dec. 1, 1845 and d. Oct. 10, 1905. Married Adele Blye in Keeler, Van Buren Co., Mich., in 1875. They had three boys and a girl as follows:—George Roy, b. Mar. 30, 1877, d. Dec. 11, 1922. Don Fulton, b. Nov. 13, 1878; Garfield Ward, b. Aug. 8, 1880, d. Mar. 24, 1896; Beatrice B., b. Oct. 3, 1887. Beatrice B. was married to Ford Wilbur and lives in Kalamazoo, Mich. The Wilburs have three children, Donald, a graduate of Annapolis, married, and in 1936 on the U. S. S. Tusaloosa; Stanley, married and a Civil Engineer in Kalamazoo, Mich.; John, a student in the Chicago Art Institute.

William, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor, went west. Katherine Boyd Schwin states that she and her mother visited Uncle William's family when she was a child in Indianola, Iowa. She states also that she was named Katherine after Uncle William's second wife. Uncle William had four children, Samuel, George, Manta, and another son. Samuel, son of William, married Jane Herrold and had eight children,—Flora, Kate, David, Frank, Mark, George, John, and a twin to John who died in infancy. George, son of William, married Nancy Rothwell, and had three children,—Flora, Lena, and Thomas. Manta, daughter of William, married a man named Robinson and they had four children, Edward, George, Caddie and another whose name is forgotten.

Shelby, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor, moved to Lima, O., but it has been impossible to make contact with any member of this branch. He had two daughters, Etta, who died young, and Ella, who married George Hull and lived in Toledo, O. They visited in our home in Mansfield. The Hulls had a son, Harry, who also visited in Mansfield in 1893.

Susan, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor, was married to Abner Gerard, Jan. 24, 1828. Other than that we have no information of this family.

II

The Jason Taylor Line

Jason, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Stipp) Taylor was born in Shepherdstown, Va., September 16, 1801, and journeyed with his family when it made the trip into Shelby Co., Ohio. A young boy at that time, he probably did not carry a very deep impression of the place of his birth. Probably a deeper impression was his contribution to the family labors in clearing the farm. In later years this farm has been known as the Roberts farm in Salem Township, Shelby Co., about two miles north of Port Jefferson. There he grew up with his brothers and sisters and received such schooling as could be provided in those pioneer days.

During the same years when the Taylor family was getting established in Salem Township, the family of William Skillen was doing the same. Both families were well-established by 1820. The Skillens were of Irish descent but came to Ohio from near Pittsburgh, Pa., where Sarah Craig Skillen was born December 7, 1803. The names of the other Skillen children are as follows:—James, Benjamin, William, Jr., Joel F., Mrs. Edley Maxwell, Mrs. James Roberts, Mrs. Betty Stout, Mrs. Mary McGinnis, Mrs. Malinda Ewing and Mrs. Kate Ann Brandenburg. William Skillen, Jr., married Fanny Cromer, April 29, 1829. It is recorded that in 1826 William Skillen, the father of this family was clerk and treasurer of Perry Township.

Jason Taylor and Sarah Craig Skillen were married when they were both very young, before Jason was 21 years of age, and with a capital of $28.50 they moved to Sidney where they went to housekeeping and he began his business career as a shoemaker. Prospering in this, he soon started a small general store, and when he could spare the sum of $37.00 he invested it in land which later sold for $10,000.00. For many years he continued as a merchant in Sidney then went into the jobbing business in New York City which he carried on for about 18 years. Failing health caused him to close out his interests in New York but he continued his interests in Cincinnati and Wapakoneta. He had been active in the State Militia. During the Mexican War he became prominent in military matters and apparently served as Adjutant-General. There is an element of legend about this latter statement as it has been impossible to verify it in the records, but we have his epaulettes and his sons always said it was true. Furthermore, he was known by his friends as General. In a special edition of the Sidney paper a few years ago this paragraph appeared: "The present tannery plant was begun in 1836 by Mr. Neiswonger, and is acknowledged to be the longest established of any existing industry in Sidney. During its time this plant has passed through many hands. At one time the plant was owned by Gen. Taylor, father of the late O. J. Taylor."

The children of Jason and Sarah Craig (Skillen) Taylor who lived to maturity and have left offspring were: Elizabeth who married Benjamin McLean, born October 4, 1826; Jane, born 1828, married Isaac Fulton, and after his death married Irwin Jessup; Oliver J., born in Sidney September 26, 1830, William Harrison born in Sidney November 29, 1836, and Aurelia born in Sidney in 1843 married Benjamin F. Crawford in September 1868.

Sarah Craig Taylor died in Sidney January 21, 1863, aged 59 years, 1 month and 14 days, and is buried in Graceland cemetery, Sidney. My father was serving in the Union Army at the time in Kentucky, and he has told us often how, when he received the sad news, he went off from his company some distance into a corn field where he could quietly give vent to his grief, as he loved his mother dearly. At some time later Jason Taylor married a lady by the name of Stephenson, but they lived together only 18 months when she died. He was living in Wapakoneta and engaged in the banking business when he died March 26, 1870, aged 68 years, 6 months and 24 days, respected by all who knew him. He is buried in Graceland Cemetery, Sidney.

Elizabeth Skillen Taylor, daughter of Jason and Sarah Craig (Skillen) Taylor, was born in Sidney, October 4, 1826, and married Benjamin McLean who was born in Shippensburg, Pa., and settled in Dayton, O., when that city was but a mere village. Their children were William Taylor McLean and Belle McLean. William was born in Sidney, March 15, 1852, and became one of that town's most respected citizens. His mother died when he was a growing lad and upon his father's second marriage, he was much in the home of his Uncle Will, for whom he was named, and Aunt Vene. He was more a son to them than a nephew, if any such distinction is necessary, and in our family we grew up to think of Billie McLean as a very special order of relative. Rolla and Howard as little boys believed so profoundly in his prowess that they told their friends that their cousin, Billie McLean, "swum" the ocean.

He went to work in the hardware store of Taylor and Brother but in 1874 started as a traveling salesman for Crawford and Zeller, cracker manufacturers, in Mansfield. On May 21, 1874, he was united in marriage to Mary A. Slusser, daughter of Benjamin Slusser, who had unusual inventive ability. Their children are, Benjamin Frank Crawford, Taylor Thorne, Bertha Jeanette and Frederick Alan.

"Billie" McLean went into business with his father-in-law who had patented the drag and wheeled scrapers which became one of the leading industries of the city. Together with this, from 1882 to 1884, he managed the Forest City Cracker Co., in Cleveland for Crawford and Taylor. For a number of years he was Secretary

of the State Board of Public Works, having been re-appointed for ten successive times.

He was an out-standing Mason, not only in the state of Ohio but throughout the country at large, having received the honorary 33rd degree in the Scottish Rite. Wherever one went, he found those who knew Billie McLean. He died March 18, 1924, his wife, dying on September 5, 1927; both are buried in Graceland Cemetery.

Of this union, Ben Frank Crawford McLean, married Florence Louise Estell in Sidney, October 15, 1901. They soon after moved to Mansfield where Ben has been connected with the Ohio Brass Co. ever since. Florence died in Mansfield, May 16, 1930. Their children were Edith, born December 11, 1902, who married Harland W. Kochheiser in Mansfield, June 2, 1928, and Marjorie, born December 3, 1904, who married Harvey Bristor Bailey June 2, 1928. Barbara Ann Bailey was born of this union February 23, 1929.

Taylor Thorne McLean married Effie Schlegel April 9, 1904, she dying January 19, 1920. On October 1, 1921 he married Louise Greiner. For many years he was employed by the Big Four Railroad in Springfield, O.

Bertha Jeanette McLean married J. Arthur Graham in Sidney December 17, 1927. He is the son of Duff Graham and the nephew of William Graham who for years was identified with the Citizen's Bank of Sidney.

Frederick Alan McLean married Bess Christine Schneeberger in Sidney, September 28, 1916. He was associated with his father in the Slusser-McLean Company and since the death of William, Frederick has been the manager of the plant. The children of this union are, Marijane born Aug. 13, 1918, and Elizabeth Ann, born March 8, 1927.

Belle McLean, daughter of Benj. and Elizabeth (Taylor) McLean married George Brown who came from Hudson, Mich. For many years they lived in Mansfield where he worked in the Crawford and Taylor factory, later the National Biscuit Co. They are buried in Mansfield. The only child who married with issue was Amy, married to George Miller and living in her father's home on Claremont Ave., Mansfield.

Jane C. Taylor, daughter of Jason and Sarah Craig, was born July 31, 1828, in Sidney and married Isaac Taylor Fulton who was born April 18, 1822. Upon the death of her husband she married Irwin Seward Jessup, Sept. 24, 1867, by whom there were no children. The children of Isaac T. and Jane (Taylor) Fulton were:—Benjamin, Annie Laurie, William Taylor and James Lamb.

Benjamin Fulton married Gertrude Hawkins, August 8, 1861. They lived in Portland, Ind., and had two children, Ethan Allen and Jane Louise. Annie Laurie Fulton married Charles Beacher

Orbison in Sidney, October 26, 1876. The Orbison family was well-known in Shelby Co. and Charles practiced dentistry in Sidney for many years. Their children were Julia Inez Orbison, born February 9, 1879, and married to Wilson Vaughan Little, July 3, 1926, living in Evanston, Ill., and William Fulton Orbison, born in Sidney, November 29, 1892. Annie L. (Fulton) Orbison was born January 8, 1855, in Sidney and died there June 9, 1921. Charles Orbison was born October 27, 1848, and died in Sidney March 24, 1926. They are buried in Graceland Cemetery.

William Taylor Fulton was born in Sidney September 5, 1856, and married Ida May Johnson October 22, 1879. After her death, probably about 1890 he moved his family to Mansfield where my father was instrumental in getting him employment in the Buggy Co. His mother, Aunt Jane Jessup, lived with him at the time keeping house and taking care of the children of whom there were three,—Julia F., W. Glenn and Anne Grace. W. Glenn married Elizabeth Hurst in Mansfield. Later William T. Fulton married Nettie Eggert in Mansfield and to this union three children were born,—Fay, William T., Jr., and Harold E.

James Lamb Fulton was the youngest child of Isaac and Jane (Taylor) Fulton. He was born in Sidney and married Dink Miller, October 26, 1887, and to them were born three children,—Aurelia Marie, Kenneth Isaac, and James L., Jr. The senior James L. died in California, and at last reports his family was living in that state.

Oliver J. Taylor, son of Jason and Sarah Craig (Skillen), was born in Sidney September 26, 1830, and lived there throughout a long and honored life until his death, April 16, 1918. He took advantage of the schooling afforded by the town but when 18 he began the study of civil engineering which took him into the employ of the Big Four and Pan Handle Railroads for several years. He seemed to have an interest in more commercial pursuits and established himself in the hardware business on June 1, 1854, in which he was most successful. He became known as the man longest in the hardware business in the state of Ohio. Mr. Taylor traced his success to his business methods; he was wont to open his store at 6 a. m. and frequently kept the store open until 10 p. m. The newspaper obituary at the time of his death stated that "he made it a point to buy for cash and to owe no man a dollar, although his purchasers very often did not follow the same honest line. . . . . Mr. Taylor remembered the advent of the wire nail, the family washing machines, the glass lantern that succeeded the old tin cone pierced with holes."

On June 7, 1855, he was married to Sarah Harrison, who was the mother of seven children, Edwin having died in infancy and Oliver Earl in his young manhood. Those who grew to maturity

were Harrison Jason, Jennie Aurelia, Willis Barkdull, May Belle and Charles J. Sarah (Harrison) Taylor died suddenly on July 30, 1887, and is buried in Sidney. The second marriage of Oliver J. Taylor was to Helen C. Search of Marion, Ohio, a sister of Prof. P. W. Search, at that time a well known lecturer. She not only made a very definite place for herself in the family and among the relatives, but also throughout the whole community. She did a great deal for Charles J. Taylor as for the motherless children of May Belle and Samuel P. Lyon who came to look upon her as a "second" mother. Not only to the many nieces and nephews was she known as Aunt Helen but many others call her by that name. Scores experienced and appreciated her friendship.

It is well to quote from the obituary in the Sidney paper: Oliver Jason Taylor "had been creditably interested in many of the industries of Sidney and had been called the father of the Sidney Fire Department, and, in association with George Bunnell, organized the present paid fire department. For almost his lifetime he had been a member of the Presbyterian Church and until recently, when he retired voluntarily from the office, for many years had been an elder in the church. His long life of persevering industry brought him financial independence and his probity and business integrity earned him the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens." His home was for many years on South Main St., not two blocks from his place of business. There he died in the early evening of April 16, 1918. His last illness was not a long one and up to that time notwithstanding his advanced age he was a familiar figure about the city greeting his many friends and acquaintances with a happy smile and a hearty handshake. He is buried in Graceland cemetery.

Helen C. (Search) Taylor lived on in the old home for several years keeping it, with her genuine hospitality, a center for the family and friends, but eventually it was sold to the Order of Elks. She then moved to S. Ohio St. at the corner of South St. There she kept open house in her genial, hospitable way until her death December 9, 1931. She is buried in Graceland Cemetery.

Harrison Jason Taylor married Mary Belle Runyon in Covington, Ky., November, 1881. He spent most of his life in the hardware business, in his early manhood, with his father, later with his sons in the Sidney Hardware Co. Their children are as follows:

Oliver Frank who married Gertrude Foster. Their children were Harold Taylor, Springfield, O., James Taylor, Chicago, Ill., and Amelia Belle Minnear, Chicago, Ill.

Harry Jason Taylor who married Dora Buckworth of Sidney. They had one child, Betty Jane, now dead.

Netty Mabel Taylor married Fred Heiser of Zenia, O. Of this union there is one living child, Mary Louise Westerkamp, Cincinnati, O.

James Thompson Taylor married Elsie Anthony of Piqua, O. They had one child, Sarah, now dead.

Mary Ellen Taylor married to Charles Abbott of Greenville, O. They had one child, Virginia Abbott.

Rosanna Taylor married Otis Fehl Cozier and living in Tulsa, Ok'la. Their children were, James Otis Cozier and Jack Fehl Cozier.

Cora Elizabeth Taylor married to Huey McClellan of Sidney. Their children were Marjorie Jean and Richard Earl McClellan.

May Belle Taylor was born May 26, 1859 in Sidney and on November 17, 1887, was united in marriage to Samuel Preston Lyon by the Rev. Robert McCaslin in Sidney. They lived in Sidney, where she died in February, 1899. He died in August, 1935.

Three children were born to this union, Helen Louise, born Jan. 10, 1892, James Lowell, born Sept. 24, 1893 and Robert Taylor, born Oct. 7, 1897. Robert Taylor was later on adopted by J. Carey and Jennie Cummins.

Helen Louise is a teacher in the Withrow High School, Cincinnati. James Lowell married Edith Walker in April 1927, and they have two daughters, Jo Ann Lyon, born Dec. 27, 1930, and Barbara Lyon, born Feb. 13, 1933. James Lowell is an acoustical engineer with office in the Wrigley Bld'g, Chicago, and home in Elmwood Park, Chicago.

For Robert Taylor Lyon, cf. under Cummins below.

Jennie Aurelia Taylor was born in Sidney Dec. 26, 1860 and was married to John Carey Cummins. They have always lived in Sidney. In early manhood he was connected with the Citizen's Bank but in later years was cashier of the First National Exchange Bank. To them two children were born, Harriet K. Cummins, born Feb. 12, 1883, and Taylor Cummins, born Jan. 26, 1885. Robert Taylor Lyon was adopted by the Cumminses after the death of his mother, May Belle (Taylor) Lyon.

Harriet Cummins is a teacher in the Sidney School and Taylor Cummins is a lawyer in Sidney. He married Dorothy West and they have two children, Jane, born Oct., 1921, and Peter, born June 1930. Robert Taylor Cummins was educated at Miami University, Oxford, O., and married Alice Grimm on Aug. 4, 1921. They went as missionaries to Siam and upon return to this country he became pastor of the Universalist Church, Cincinnati, O. Later he accepted the call to the Universalist Church in Pasadena, Cal. They had three sons, Robert, born Aug. 2, 1923, John, born Sept. 9, 1927 and David, born Feb. 17, 1933.

Willis Barkdull Taylor was born in Sidney, March 1, 1863, where he married Florence Martha Miller Oct. 12, 1888. He was another who spent most of his active life in the hardware business, in Sidney with his father, then in Jackson Centre, O., then back in Sidney as the head of the Taylor Hardware Co. He died in Sidney, Oct. 17, 1928. Their children are as follows:—Sara Har-

rison Taylor, a teacher in the Col. White School, Dayton, O., Frances, who married Howard E. Monroe and now located in Dayton, O., Willis B. Taylor, Jr., who married Pearl Campbell, and now living in Mansfield, O., and Pauline, who married Elmer Snyder.

Willis B. Taylor, Jr. and Pearl had three children, William C. Taylor, Marylyn Taylor and Richard Willis Taylor. Elmer Snyder and Pauline (Taylor) Snyder, had one child, Martha Taylor Snyder.

Aurelia Taylor was born in Sidney, September 15, 1843, where she spent her girlhood. For a few years before his death her father, Jason Taylor, was living in Wapakoneta and thither she had gone to live with him. She had met Benjamin F. Crawford and they were married in Wapakoneta September 25, 1868. The following sketch is copied from the N. B. C., Nov. 1917: "Benj. F. Crawford was born on a farm near New Castle, Ohio, on Sept. 7, 1843, the son of Joseph and Elizabeth Crawford. . . . . the family moved to Iowa, where the elder Crawford purchased a mill, operating it for a number of years. Here young Benj. completed his public school education.

"When the Civil War broke out, he, at the age of 17, enlisted in the 44th Ohio Infantry where he served two years, after which he enlisted in the 8th Ohio Cavalry where he served until he was mustered out at the end of the war. . . . . He returned to his father's home, then in Troy, O., and later the family moved to Richmond, Ind., near which place his father had purchased another mill, to which he admitted his son as a partner." This mill supplied flour to the Zeller Bakery.

Mr. Crawford bought an interest in the Zeller Bakery and that was followed by the firm buying the Colby Bakery in Mansfield, O. In October 1874, Mr. Crawford moved his family to Mansfield where he took over the management of the Bakery under the name of Crawford and Zeller.

There were three children born in Richmond, Charles Albert, Edith and Eleanor, while two were born in Mansfield, Frank Taylor and Mary. They lived on Park Ave., West, in a house next to the Michael Harter home and opposite the estate of John Sherman. At a later time Douglass Ave. was cut through between this house and the Douglass home just to the west. The Crawfords lived at that location for several years after the Taylors moved to Mansfield from Sidney, but, probably about 1886, built a new home on Sturges Ave. where they lived until they moved to Chicago.

The firm of Crawford and Zeller prospered so that it was in no sense a losing proposition which my father accepted in 1881 when he purchased the share held by Mr. Zeller, when the firm became Crawford and Taylor. The story of the firm is told in the sketch of William H. Taylor so that it does not have to be repeated here except to say that when Uncle Frank was elected Vice-President

and General Manager of the United States Baking Co. in 1889 and then in 1898 when he was elected President of the National Biscuit Co. the situation in the plant in Mansfield was altered. The first necessitated his being away much of the time, the second required his giving up his home in Mansfield and moving to Chicago.

Aurelia (Taylor) Crawford died very suddenly in Mansfield March 25, 1895, which gave a great shock to her many friends and was the cause of great sorrow to her family. She had been reared in the Presbyterian Church but as her husband was an active member in the Methodist Church, she had joined that church. The evening of her death she had gone to a prayer meeting in the Methodist Church from which she had gone on to an entertainment in the G. A. R. Hall. On the way home she had gotten to within a short distance from her home when she was seen to fall on her face. Friends hurried to her assistance but it was too late; she never regained consciousness. She was a very gracious lady who was mourned by the whole community.

In her girlhood she had been an excellent musician and a graceful dancer, much sought after by the young men of the town. Her brothers, Oliver and William, even when they were elderly gentlemen, never ceased teasing her about a certain Dr. Wilson who had insisted upon paying attention to her. He was an impossible dancer devoid of a sense of rhythm and grace. He was never in time with the music and it was in connection with that that these brothers gave a rather unique performance. Being musical and having a well-developed sense of rhythm in themselves, they could at one and the same time, whistle a tune and dance out of time with their own music. Of course it was extremely amusing.

After Aunt "Rilla's" death the Crawford family continued to keep the home in Mansfield but not in the same old way. Edith married Charles K. King in 1896, and on Nov. 24, 1898, Uncle Frank married Laura Macpherson in the home of her brother, James Macpherson, in Saginaw, Michigan. The daughters, Eleanor and Mary, spent several years abroad, Bert was in Chicago and Frank was in school at Andover, Mass., and at Yale College, New Haven, Conn. The house was given up entirely when they moved to Chicago.

Mr. Crawford was recognized as an outstanding man of affairs and as first President of the National Biscuit Co. did much to organize that corporation and to stabilize the baking industry. In the summer of 1910 he had returned to Mansfield for a visit after a trip around the world, where on Sept. 2, while playing golf at the Westbrook Country Club he suddenly died. He was buried in the Mansfield Cemetery by the side of Aurelia (Taylor) Crawford.

At the time Rev. D. J. Meese, pastor of the Presbyterian Church and for years next door neighbor of the Crawfords, wrote an excellent appreciation of his neighbor, from which we quote,—"Though Mr. Crawford had not been seen much of late on our streets, nor

been as energetically identified with our city's social, commercial and religious interests as many of us knew him to be a dozen and more years ago, yet . . . . there was comfort in knowing that he was somewhere among earth's inhabitants and would be sure occasionally to return to us.

"He was most influential in securing to Mansfield the Ohio State Reformatory and was one of its first managers. The Y. M. C. A., the Emergency Hospital, the library in its initial stages received the stamp of his potent and beneficent cooperation."

Charles Albert Crawford was born in Richmond, Ind., March, 1871, but moved to Mansfield with his parents in 1874 where he spent his boyhood. There were several Mansfield boys going to the Military Academy at Gambier, O., about that time so thither he went. He was always known as Bert until he went to Andover where he got the name of Cac from his initials. Other boys at Gambier about that time were James Brown and Henry Weaver, but from Crestline, a nearby town, went Earl Babst. He and Bert have been close friends ever since. Next Bert went to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., where he graduated in 1892.

He then went into business for a few years in Mansfield later entering the employ of the National Biscuit Co. in Chicago and when the head office of that corporation was moved to New York City, he moved to that city. He married Mary De Vatte Mitchell in Mansfield on May 25, 1903. She was the daughter of Dr. George Mitchell and Mary (Burns) Mitchell, a great beauty and an accomplished vocalist. The writer remembers with vivid pleasure the production of "Pinafore" in which he took part with Bert and Mary. Mary died in South Orange, N. J., on June 15, 1927, and is buried in the cemetery in Mansfield.

They had two children,—Pauline, born March 15, 1905, a graduate of Vassar College, and Edith, born September 22, 1910, who attended the Sarah Lawrence College. Pauline was married to Osgood V. Tracy, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, on October 3, 1926. They have one child. Edith was married to Lieut. Warren N. Wildrick the week after his graduation from the Military Academy at West Point, June 15, 1936.

Charles Albert Crawford married Mrs. Leslie (Tobey) Sawyer, March 8, 1935, and they are now living in Greenwich, Conn. After being with the National Biscuit Co. for many years Bert accepted a position with the American Sugar Refining Co. when Earl Babst was made president of that company.

Edith Crawford spent most of her life in Mansfield except when she was in school in Northampton, Mass., and traveling in Europe. She was married to Charles K. King in her father's house on December 21, 1896. He was an officer in the Ohio Brass Co. Later on she was married to Rudolph Kallmerten and died in California July 7, 1929. She is buried in the family lot in the Mansfield cemetery.

There was very little difference between the ages of Edith and Eleanor and in the early years before Mary was grown up, Edith and Eelanor were always associated. In later years after Edith's marriage Eleanor and Mary were known as the Crawford girls. Eleanor went to school in Northampton, Mass. and traveled with Edith, later she and Mary spent much time in Europe together. When they returned they took an apartment in Mansfield. Eleanor was married to David Lester Zahniser October 7, 1911. He died in Mansfield October 4, 1932.

Frank Taylor Crawford was born in Mansfield on August 16, 1877, where he attended the public schools until the autumn of 1892 when he went to Andover, Mass. to enter Phillips Academy from which he graduated in 1896. From there he went to Yale graduating with the class of 1900. He was well known and was socially prominent in college having as his societies, Eta Phi in sophomore year, Psi Upsilon in junior year and Scroll and Key in senior year. Upon graduating from Yale he went to Chicago to work in the National Biscuit Co. One of his Yale classmates, Matthew Mills, lived in Chicago so in the due course of time Frank met Matt's sister, Mari Brainerd Mills, and they were married June 16, 1903. Mari's father was Luther Laflin Mills, a distinguished attorney in Chicago.

Frank and the writer were contemporaries, growing up together so the temptation is to write more fully than this record will allow. He was a hard worker and once he had undertaken to accomplish something, only supernatural power could intervene. He became afflicted by some strange malady and died January 29, 1915, a date which would seem long before his allotted time, leaving his wife and four small boys.

The children of Frank Taylor and Mari Brainerd (Mills) Crawford are as follows,—Mills, born March 5, 1904, died May 21, 1921; Donald, born February 2, 1907, Yale 1928, a broker in Chicago and in 1936 studying for the Christian ministry; Benjamin, born February 11, 1909, Yale 1931, working in the National Biscuit Co. in Chicago; David, born April 4, 1913, Yale 1935. All these young men living with their mother in Winnetka, Ill.

Mary Crawford was born in Mansfield and was educated in a school at Northampton, Mass. and later in one at Washington, D. C. She traveled extensively as a young woman then settled in Mansfield where she was united in marriage with Alfred I. Harrington, November 7, 1914. He had grown up in that town and was educated at Oberlin College and Yale where he received a B. A. degree. He was in the diplomatic service for a few years but ultimately returned to Mansfield where he was attached to one of the banks. In the summer of 1921 he had accepted a fine position in Akron, O., but died suddenly on September 10 of that year.

There were two children born to the Harringtons, Eleanor Edith, Feb. 13, 1916, and Mary Elizabeth Dec. 1, 1920. They are living with their mother and Aunt Eleanor in Laguna Beach, Cal.

III

William Harrison Taylor

When it comes to my father there is more material to work on, but even then there are difficulties. I have heard my father tell of his boyhood, of his experiences and friends at Antioch College, of his War experiences but they should have been written down during his life time for now, there is considerable confusion and uncertainty. The more's the pity, because he had an interesting way of telling of these experiences.

William Harrison Taylor was born the sixth child of Jason and Sarah Craig (Skillen) Taylor at Sidney, Ohio, November 29, 1836, in a house at the corner of Main Avenue and North St. He had a boyhood friend, A. B. C. Hitchcock, and that friendship remained one of his most cherished associations throughout his life. If Baldwin Hitchcock said it, "It was true". In the Journal Gazette of Sidney appeared on June 11, 1909, the following article written by Baldwin Hitchcock. Because of this long and intimate friendship, and because it states so admirably the characteristics of my father, his character, his ability, his geniality, his loyalty to friends, his love of sports and sportsmanship, his deep religious faith and uprightness, I incorporate this article **in toto** as a monument to a real friendship.

"Captain William H. Taylor, of Mansfield, was born in Sidney in 1836 and being naturalized here by birth, our city has never relinquished its claim upon him. It is a little singular that most of our grave and reverend seniors at the present time were born in the thirties; not many in the twenties are running around loose and all efforts to overcome their scarcity are unavailable. The subject of this sketch is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jason Taylor long since deceased, is a brother of Oliver J. Taylor of this city and a nephew of Mrs. Julia Lamb. The Taylors were numerous here in pioneer days and had much to do with shaping Sidney. William was well stocked with boyish mischief, in other words was a hustler from the start and, as the public school system was not in vogue at that period, he had plenty of time to work off his surplus energy. He was a natural money getter and let no opportunity slip to turn a penny to his own advantage. When in the early teens he got employment as a butcher boy for his uncles Lamb and Skillen when there was a market house in Poplar street and peddled meat to the farmers along the route to Port Jefferson and many a time started on his route at three o'clock in the morning, disturbing the slumbers of the pioneer with his bell and patiently waited for his customers who frequently appeared so scantily costumed that prosecution for indecent exposure would have been proper had it been daylight, or else was snappily informed by night-capped head at a window to go on with his meat wagon.

"It was thought by his employers that William was too small to take part in the butchering but he carefully watched the process and once, when the butcher was absent from sickness or otherwise, William went to the abattoir alone and unaided roped a steer, knocked it in the head, bled and skinned it and cut up the meat and no consumer could tell by the taste but that it was prepared by an expert. As this happened but once the experience is vivid in his memory and he is still proud of the successful feat.

"His education in Sidney was finished before the central school building was completed but he was one of the first in Sidney to appear in public on the stage of the new building.

"At that time Philip Phillips, of Marion, Ohio, the singing pilgrim who subsequently made a tour of the world, was giving concerts here. His basso profundo, a Mr. Davis, took sick and was unable to perform. In Phillips' dire straits some one told him that Will Taylor had a sub-cellar voice and accurate ear, even if his vocal organs were untutored, and would not make a discord though he might deviate a trifle from the written score. Phillips sought William, apprised him of what he wanted and urged him to take part in the concert as a substitute for Davis. William told Phillips that he did not know one note from another but could read music somewhat by position. He hesitated for some time but allowed Phillips to try his voice and then they went over the pieces on the program to the satisfaction of Phillips and at the concert, to the edification of the audience which William thinks was not hypercritical. This might have been his first appearance but it was by no means the last, for Lamb and Zinn's Hall often resounded to his deep rich voice in patriotic songs and the cantata of Queen Esther.

"In the latter part of the fifties he spent one year at Antioch College at Yellow Springs when the prince of the world's educators, Horace Mann, was the president.

"At the close of the year he told Professor Mann that he determined to lead a business life and would not continue his scholastic career. 'Young man,' said he, 'you are leaving the best business a man can follow in this world, the development of his mental powers to their fullest extent', but William's mind was made up and when he came home he settled upon a career as merchant of gentlemen's furnishing goods but was confronted by the ugly necessity of funds to start the ball rolling. Applying to Dr. Albert Wilson he obtained a loan of $100.00 and set sail for Cincinnati to lay in a magnificent stock. It was a heavy draft on the Queen City to supply his needs but as his exchequer was not ample for his wants Cincinnati was able to fill his orders and in due time his stock consisting mostly of hats and caps arrived and were displayed in a room owned by his father just north of the O. J. Taylor block, in Main Street. They seemed to fill a long felt want and went like pop corn at a fair, or, in common parlance, like hot cakes.

"William's pay roll on Saturday night was not so extensive as to deplete his pocket book for he was 'chief cook and bottle washer' in the establishment, opening it early in the morning and closing it late at night, sweeping it and dusting it himself and was not only sole proprietor but sole clerk, eating his meals with such a rush that he frequently had a spell of hiccoughing as a penalty for his gastronomic vigor. At the end of a month his trade had been so lively that he was obliged to go to Cincinnati again for more stock. Gentlemen's ready made clothing and merchant tailoring were added and he was soon on his feet as a full fledged business man. In the meantime he married Lavenia A. Thorne, daughter of Henry B. Thorne, one of the old residents of the town and proprietor of the Thorne Hotel, now the Grand.

"Soon after the Civil War broke out he raised Company D 118th O. V. I. regiment and went to Kentucky and remained in the army until 1864, when he came home unscathed by a rebel bullet, bought out Thomas Stephenson, Jr. and became a partner of his brother, Oliver J. Taylor, now the oldest retail hardware merchant in Ohio who has been the leading man in that line for fifty-four years, and occupied a room in the Lamb and Zinn building north of the public square. Subsequently they bought the lot owned by Thomas L. Robinson on the north east corner of the intersection of Main and Poplar streets and erected the finest building in the city at that time and one of the best at present; two rooms, three stories high with a mansard roof with an opera house on the third floor, but which after the Monumental Building was erected was changed into a Masonic Hall and is still occupied as the beautiful quarters of Summit lodge.

"The diversion after singing patriotic songs during war times when we kept 'John Brown's soul marching on' and figuratively hanged Jeff Davis on the sour apple tree was of a milder order and the beautiful cantata of Queen Esther was tackled and had a run of two years or more and given not only in Sidney but in Degraff, Wapakoneta and I think in Bellefontaine with great effect, for people, at that time, were easily pleased. 'Haman, Haman, long live Haman,' and 'God is the refuge of his people' still sing in my memory and the faces of Eliza Bailey, Gertie Hale, Will Taylor, Wallace Robertson, Elias Wilson and a score of others are marshalled in review though somewhat dim in fading distance. We hanged Haman the Agatite on the gallows he built for Mordecai, the Jew, as effectually as we did Jeff Davis in the orchard, and crowned Esther with pomp and ceremony and got very well versed in at least one book in the Old Testament.

"The sporting blood which Jason Taylor transmitted to his two sons, Oliver and William, all got into the veins of Bill, for Oliver would far rather sell a fish pole and baseball bat than to use them, while William was not adverse to doing either with the odds slightly in favor of their use.

"There was not at the period, until the Enterprise club was organized and flourished, any settled locality where the great American game was played in Sidney, or in any of the surrounding towns. There was no such thing as a shaved diamond, no mitts to protect the hands, no bird cage over the head of the catcher to prevent concussion from a foul tip; throwing the ball by the pitcher was not allowed, the speed slow and the batting so terrific that an inning without a home run or more was an exception. The fielders were kept busy and the score in a game was all the way from twenty-five to one hundred. There was no grand stand, nor seats for spectators, no entrance at the gate for there was not any gate, so looking through a knot hole in the fence was a thing unknown, there being no knot hole, and no necessity for any. The expense was not heavy as usually but one ball was bought by voluntary subscription and if it happened to get lost temporarily in the weeds in the outskirts forty rods distant, a halt was called and both sides turned out to hunt for it. The scope of country for the contesting nines was comprised within the limits of Bellefontaine, Port Jefferson, Wapakoneta and Piqua, but the contests were frequent with varying results and the fun simply immense. Port Jefferson had a most husky lot of players with its Staleys, Nettleships, Husseys, Allens, etc. and Palestine and Plattsville with Keet Guthrie, its Apples and Andersons were not a whit behind. Our club consisted of the subject of the sketch, Ed Walkup, now editor of the Ottawa Gazette, John McPherson, now United States District Judge of Pennsylvania, Sam McCollough fresh from college, the writer and others of emphatic function; Wapakoneta its Hon. Ferd. Layton subsequently congressman, and now Circuit Judge; Piqua its Dr. Will Parker, the Bowdles, Will Knox, Johnny Gregg, Butler and others of like social standing. Taking it all in all those years are pleasant recollections and the episodes amusing to recall. Though no longer a participant William has never lost his taste for sport and does not allow an opportunity to witness a game, nor a horse race to get away if it is possible for him to be a spectator.

"The races at our Fair would not look natural if William were not in the grand stand taking them all in through his gold rimmed glasses. I shall never forget how appalled I was at the first game with the Palestine boys when Guthrie and John Wirick, now of Nebraska, came onto the field. When the preliminaries were being arranged Guthrie, six feet high, in a spasm of athletic vigor, turned a forward and a back somersault in order to limber up and I remarked "Is it possible that we are about to encounter a circus troupe? If so the jig is up."

"In 1881, after a most successful business career William sold his interest to his brother, Oliver, bought Zeller's share in the firm of Crawford and Zeller who conducted an immense bakery at Mansfield.

"I well remember the morning he drove his span of bay ponies to the Journal office with his family, or part of it, and bade the

proprietors, Trego and Binkley and staff Good-Bye and drove to the top of Orbison Hill where he paused and looked back on the scenes of his boyhood with feelings akin to the Moors as they gave their last sigh of banishment from their beloved Spain.

"The venture was an exceedingly profitable one financially, and their plant became merged in the National Biscuit company. Four years ago he severed his connection with the company and has since lived a retired life in his beautiful home. Of his family of thirteen children, six are living. Rolla and Howard, hardware merchants for many years at Adrian, Michigan, Frank, Margaret and Rose at Mansfield, and Alan, Episcopal rector at Mattapan, Boston. He is a graduate of Yale and the Episcopal Theological school after which he made a tour of the continent of Europe.

"In 1903 Lavenia, the wife of his youth, and loving partner in his upward struggle, died, and was laid in our cemetery of Graceland by the side of their son, Edwin. He subsequently married Miss Mary Mills, of New Jersey, but formerly of Sidney.

"William's attachment for his native city and his old friends has never abated. He belongs to Neal Post G. A. R., is always here for Memorial Day and at our county fair, and is warmly welcomed.

"His is the true philosophy of life; his optimism sees the sunshine rather than the shadow, his elastic spirit keeps him young in spite of years. He is a rock ribbed Presbyterian by inheritance, as well as choice, and was a member of the choir from boyhood until he left Sidney and its leader for many years. To this cardinal virtue can be added that of being a Republican in politics without any mental reservations. Such is a fairly authentic history of my esteemed friend, culled in fragments from my memory."

William was reared in the home of his parents, which was one of considerable comfort, for by this time Shelby Co. had developed from the primitive conditions of the pioneers. He grew under the guidance of his parents and in the company of his brother and sisters. His sisters Elizabeth and Jane and his brother Oliver were married by 1855, so that this had left him at home with his sisters Mary, who died young, and Aurelia. He always had a tender spot for this youngest sister even to a sense of responsibility when she was a grown woman and married. His affection for her undoubtedly had much to do with his decision to move to Mansfield in 1881 to join partnership with her husband in Crawford and Taylor.

His early education was received in the schools of the town but in 1855 he was privileged to go to Antioch College, Yellowship Springs, Ohio, for one year. That was at the time that the great educator, Horace Mann, was president of that institution. It was a far cry for Horace from Boston and Harvard to this little center of education in what to the Bostonians of that day was the great Unknown, but because it had been his ambition to become a college president rather than any other thing in the world, Horace Mann had accepted the position of forming this little college. One

year may seem a short time to spend in college, but my father always felt that one year with Horace Mann was better than a score with lesser teachers. He always gratefully maintained that next to the influence of his home in those formative years, he owed more to Horace Mann than to any other person. The institution was small. The president made very close personal contacts with his students so that the great master was an unending influence for good and an inspiration throughout the life of this student. In his old age William would harp back to the expressions of Mann as the precepts and principle of his own life. This was an instance where a teacher on one end of a log and a receptive student on the other constituted a college.

Returning to Sidney at the age of 20, he went into the clothing business also handling men's furnishings of all kinds. To the end of his life he had a peculiar gift in judging fabrics. He was wont to pick out the materials for the dresses of his wife and daughters which practice carried over to choosing furs also. When he had passed on the quality of the material for our clothes we were reasonably certain that we had not gotten shoddy. During those years he was showing a lively interest in the social and civic life of Sidney.

But the consuming interest at this time was a young lady who had been born in Wapakoneta, a few miles north of Sidney on November 27, 1840. She was Lavenia Adelaide Thorne who had been brought to Sidney in her infancy by her parents. The name of Lavinia appears in different generations of the Thornes as does Lavenia, but she always insisted that she was baptized the latter. She was the second child of Henry B. and Eliza Ann (Jones) Thorne, descended from a long line of Friends the first of whom to come to this country was William Thorne of Dorsetshire, England. He was made a freeman at Lynn, Massachusetts, May 2, 1638. While the children of Henry Thorne had no point of contact in the middle west with the Society of Friends, they always showed the simplicity and quiet manner of the members of that Society.

The story of the Thorne family has been told in another pamphlet but it seems well to note here that Henry B. and Eliza Ann Jones, who was born in Richmond, Va., were married in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28, 1831, according to the usage of the Presbyterian Church. When Henry was fifteen years of age he suffered from a severe attack of the measles which affected his lungs, a weakness which showed in some of his children, also. He was advised to get out doors and live in the open air as much as possible so he joined the company of French's Great Menagerie, the first of its kind in this country. He performed with a huge elephant named Columbus who was drowned in the Delaware River when the bridge he was crossing gave in under his weight.

However, Henry grew tired of that life and in 1833 with his wife and one child, Katharine, journeyed in a Pennsylvania wagon to Wapakoneta, O. Indians still inhabited that section of the country.

The Thornes moved to Sidney in 1841 where Henry went into the hotel business. Baldwin Hitchcock speaks of Thorne's Hotel, others of the Sidney House. It is quite likely that he was at different locations at different times. At any rate he was proprietor of the hotel which in these later years has been known as the Wagner House on the corner of Ohio and Poplar Sts. opposite the court house. On March 2, 1900, my mother wrote to my sister, Rose: "I went to the Wagner House with Will and Lottie, and Oh, I was so glad to go into my childhood's happy home. Sweet, sweet memories came into my weary soul and filled it to the brim. My sainted father with his sweet face, my gentle mother, my darling brothers and sisters. Oh, what holy thoughts came and took possession of my heart. Well, I am so glad that it was my privilege to enter that dear old home once more."

It is interesting to note that Henry Thorne's father, Joseph, was married by a Justice of the Peace and therefore was disowned from the Society of Friends in 1786, and that Henry was married by a Presbyterian minister. Yet Quakerism pervaded his thinking, his home and his life. His family was reared under the principles and tenets of that Society. It was from such a family deeply imbued with the Spirit of Christianity that my father chose his wife. Her influence dominated his life from that time on. To the outer world that may not at all times have been evident, but it is none the less true. Her quiet tactfulness always won. Among her treasured papers was found after her death these lines written in the youthful handwriting of Will Taylor:

My Early Love.

My Early Love, I'll think on thee,
When evening seeks its crimson throne,
Sweet hour which gentle memory
Delights to consecrate its own.
Ah, then thy cherished image clings
To all I meet or hear or see,
And twilight's breeze, like music brings
Thy voice of gladness back to me.

Friendship's young bloom may pass away
As dreams depart the sleeper's mind;
The hope of life's maturer day
May fade, and leave no trace behind;
But early love can never die,
That fairest bud of spring's bright years,
T'will still look green in memory,
When time, all other feelings sears.

True Love's a holy flame
And when 'tis kindled can never die.

Will Taylor.

Years later, November 15, 1897, he found in his mail at the Cracker Factory in an envelope addressed to him in a handwriting which she had tried to disguise, the following lines:

My Dear Husband.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That ever woman knew;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasur'd share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow and thy care.

We have lived and loved together,
Through many changing years,
We have shared each other's sorrows,
We have shared each others tears,
Let us hope the future,
As the past has been, may be,
I'll share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou my joys with me.

Yours forever,
Vene.

Between those two poems in point of time, between youth and age runs a real love affair in a long and happy married life, the anxieties of economics, the responsibilities of rearing a large family, the separation during the Civil War, the cares and joys of mutual assistance. They were married by the Rev. Mr. Spence, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Sidney, March 25, 1858, when he was in his 22nd year and she in her 18th. That anniversary was always celebrated with great rejoicing by the family. On their 25th anniversary he slipped a Garnet ring on her finger while she slept in order to give her the greater joy when she awoke. That happy union lasted for 45 years.

Three years after their marriage came the Civil War and the necessity for William to determine what would be his line of action in that stupendous national upheaval. My brother, Howard, was born on their fourth wedding anniversary in 1862, Rolla having been born in 1860. Having just made a start in business, with a wife and two small children to consider, it was a momentous decision he had to make. However, facing all that, before he was 27 years of age, he enlisted, entering the service on August 13, 1862, as First Lieutenant of Co. I, 118th regiment, Ohio Volunteer infantry. He was promoted to a Captaincy December 2, 1862, and placed in command of Co. D, 118th regiment, O. V. I., with which he served until his discharge on September 19, 1864, for physical disability after an illness in the Military hospital in Knoxville, Tenn.

My father kept a diary during his War years, as he did during his life generally, but he suffered great anguish, as all his family has ever since, because that diary was destroyed in a fire in the home in Mansfield in May, 1883. He told of his War experiences in an extremely interesting way but, unfortunately, no one had the foresight to have him dictate that story for his grandchildren. Consequently our record is very meagre, and in this record we must resort to the ever-helpful Baldwin Hitchcock where he tells the story of 118 Regiment in his History of Shelby Co., Ohio. Of course that gives none of the personal experiences which we should so like to hand on. We used to love to have him tell of a time when he was out with one of his men in Kentucky on a scouting expedition when they were caught in a deluge of rain which turned the roads into fields of mud. As they trudged along, growing wearier and wearier, they saw a dim light in a cabin so they knocked on the door and found that the inhabitants were Negroes. There was a fire on the hearth and immediately these good-natured "darkies" prepared them food to eat, gave up their bed for them to sleep in and kept the fire going in order to dry their clothes and boots. He also told in a rather dramatic way of a certain battle where the two armies were drawn up on either side of a broad expanse of ripe, waving grain. After the charge that beautiful field of grain was turned into a veritable shambles. Another experience he used to tell about was how, after an engagement when he and his company were prone on the ground, he stood up by the side of a tree, but not for long as he instantly heard the whiz of an enemy bullet as it passed through the crown of his hat.

When Howard was an infant, probably in the autumn of 1862, Captain was stationed in Paris, Ky. As life was comparatively calm at that time, he had his wife with Rolla and Howard, come down there to pay him a visit. They stayed with a family of the name of Peckover. It seems an extraordinary thing to do, for a mother to take herself and two small children into the War Zone in that way, but she had absolute confidence in her husband's judgment and felt that if he thought the situation was safe, that it would be safe. As a matter of fact, they had a very happy visit until one day Captain Taylor came into their rooms and said they would have to take train as soon as possible for Cincinnati because General John Morgan and his men were coming down upon them in one of their famous raids.

At one time Captain Taylor was given a leave of absence quite unexpectedly and departed for a few days visit with his family without sending them word. Reaching Sidney in the middle of the night he decided not to disturb his family, but not having a key to the house he found it necessary to climb up a lattice at the side of the porch to an open window on the second floor. He was entirely successful in reaching the window and removing a screen when he was pushed violently from the other side of the window landing in a heap in the yard below. It appears that his wife had her young

brother, Charles Thorne, a mere lad of eleven or twelve years of age, staying with her and he hearing the marauder at the window came valiantly to the defense of his sister and her children. It was a rather rude welcome for the returning hero but fortunately he did not suffer from the fall and all lived long enough after the incident to laugh about it many times.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

"This regiment, eight companies strong, was sent to Cincinnati in September, 1862, as that city was then threatened by Kirby Smith. The ninth company was here formed, and the regiment mustered into the service. Late in September it moved, under Gen. A. J. Smith, toward Lexington, but at Cynthiana was detached to guard the railroad. Patrol and guard duty was performed, and rebel recruiting largely prevented. On August 1, 1863, it went, by Lexington to Louisville, to Lebanon, Ky., and on the 29th set out on a march for East Tennessee. On November 10th, Kingston was reached, and a few days later the rebels cut the communication between that point and Knoxville. Picket duty became arduous, to prevent a surprise from Wheeler's cavalry. The victories at Knoxville and Chattanooga relieved the Kingston garrison, and on December 9th, the regiment reached Nashville, and from there went to Blain's Cross Roads, and finally to Mossy Creek, to support Elliott's cavalry. On the 29th, the rebel cavalry under Martin and Armstrong assaulted General Elliott, at Paultier's creek, then he fell back to Mossy Creek. As the cavalry approached, the regiment took position in the edge of a piece of woods, when the rebel force moved directly upon them. When the enemy approached within a hundred yards, the regiment opened a rapid fire, which was kept up about two hours, when it charged the rebels, and drove them over the crest of a hill. In this action the rebels lost about forty, killed and wounded. It was disposed with great skill, by Lieutenant-Colonel Young, and commanded by General Elliott. While in East Tennessee, the regiment suffered great privations, and subsisted about six months on half and quarter rations. They had neither sugar nor coffee for about four months. Clothing was also short, but with all this the troops never murmured, but were even cheerful. The regiment was then kept changing about until the campaign of 1864. One march of one-hundred miles, to Charleston, was made in five days. May 4th, the regiment encamped on state line. Here all baggage was sent to the rear. On the 7th, the regiment moved upon Dalton, and again advanced upon Resaca. On the afternoon of the 14th, it participated in a charge on the enemy's works, and lost one hundred and sixteen men, in less than ten minutes, out of the three hundred actually engaged. On the 15th the engagement was renewed, but that night Johnston retired to Cassville, which in turn he abandoned, on approach of the National forces. After a few days' rest, the regiment

went into the desperate battles of Dallas and Pumpkin-Vine creek and bore a gallant and honorable part. It was afterwards engaged at Kenasaw mountain, at the Chattahoochie, at Utoy creek, and in the final movements about Atlanta. In these operations, about seventy-five men were lost. During one hundred and twenty-one consecutive days the regiment was within hearing of hostile firing every day except one. During six consecutive days it was under fire sixty different times, and during one week there was not a period of five minutes during which the whistling of a ball or the scream of a shell could not be heard. After the fall of Atlanta the regiment fell back to Decatur, where, after a short rest, it joined in the pursuit of Hood, as far as Gaylesville, Ala. On the 23rd of November it went to Johnsonville, Tenn., and then to Columbia, to join the army confronting Hood, finally reaching Franklin on the 30th. The brigade was drawn up in single line, its right resting on the Williamsburg pike, and its left at the Locust grove, this regiment being second from the right. The enemy struck the line to the left of the regiment. The shock was terrific, but the line stood firm, and poured a terrific fire into the rebel column. The troops fought desperately, the men using bayonets, and the officers side-arms, over the very breastworks. By daylight the One Hundred and Eighteenth were across the river, and falling on Nashville, where it was again engaged. After the battle of Nashville, it participated in the pursuit of the rebels as far as Columbia, and then went to Clifton. From there it proceeded to North Carolina, on January 16, 1865. On February 11th, it embarked on a steamer at Alexandria, landed at Nati proceeded by rail to Washington City, which was reached January 27, 1865. On February 11, it embarked on a steamer at Alexandria, landed at Smithville, at the mouth of Cape Fear river, moved immediately on Fort Anderson, captured it, and the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment was the first to plant its colors on the walls. On February 20th, it engaged in a sharp action at Town creek, in which three hundred horsemen and two pieces of artillery were captured, and then entered Wilmington on the 22nd. On the 6th of March it moved to Kingston, then to Goldsboro', and joined Sherman's army on the 23rd of March. It then camped at Mocley Hall until April 9th, when it participated in the final operations against Johnston. It then camped near Raleigh until May 3rd, when it moved to Greensboro', and then to Salisbury, where it remained until June 24th, when it was mustered out of the service. The regiment arrived at Cleveland, O., June 2, was welcomed by Chief Justice Chase, participated in a 4th of July celebration, and was finally discharged on the 9th of July, 1865, having first gone into camp at Lima, O., in August, 1862."

Captain Taylor was a good soldier and good officer, beloved by his men because he was always just, and the truth of that fact came out in the years to follow in their devotion to him and in the great pleasure he always derived from attending his Company

and Regimental Reunions which he did faithfully as long as he lived. He joined the Grand Army of the Republic, being a charter member of Neal Post, Sidney, when it was organized in April, 1871, but he was never an enthusiastic G. A. R. man as that organization so early got away from the motive of the comradeship of the War and became chiefly concerned with politics. He felt that there were plenty of other channels for expressing his political opinions. He became an early member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, confined to commissioned officers of the Union Army, and always enjoyed attending the meetings of the Ohio Commandery. The War to him, as to thousands of young Americans at the time, was the period when he gained contacts with men, enlarged his acquaintanceship and learned to use his gift in leading men. His War friends were like the friends which many another young man might make in college, and they were very dear to him. Later on he was in a position to help several of them when in difficulty. While he suffered from exposure as all soldiers do, his health in later years was good except when deafness came upon him which he always traced to the effect of gunfire on his ears in the War. Deafness became a great hardship. Being naturally genial and sociable this affliction cut him off from his normal intercourse with people.

Probably all Americans born during the 1870's and 80's were reared on the stories of the Civil War, but throughout Ohio and reaching into a much wider field in the northern states the War was kept vividly alive for us by the performance of the Drummer Boy, Or The Battle Field of Shiloh. It was written by S. J. Muscroft and Frank Nail and produced by them for the benefit of countless organizations throughout the country. As long as he lived Muscroft played the part of "Mart Howard" and Frank Nail was the inimitable "Uncle Joe". It was a patriotic duty and a great honor to play a part in the Drummer Boy.

Captain Taylor was asked to take the part of Major-General Cheatham of the Confederate Army for one of the productions of this play in Sidney. It vexed him dreadfully to be cast as a Confederate, but finally after much persuasion, he consented. Frank Nail loved to tell the story,—how during the scene of a council of war around a table just before the Battle of Shiloh, Gen. Cheatham was seated. From the wings Nail whispered to my father, "Cap., stand up". Which he proceeded to do. A few seconds later he whispered again, "Cap., sit down", which he proceeded to do. All this during this serious council of war which the audience had paid admission to see. Again, the third time, Nail whispered, "Cap., stand up", but the Captain turned on him this time and ejaculated in a tone loud enough to be heard by the audience, "What the Devil do you think you're doing?" It convulsed everyone and Nail chuckled about it for years.

His brother, Oliver, had established his Hardware business in 1854 so when William returned from the War in 1864 he went

into partnership with his brother under the firm name of Taylor and Brother, which partnership continued until 1881 when the family moved to Mansfield. They prospered in that undertaking so needing larger quarters they built the substantial business block at the northeast corner of the square. All through this period he was showing his interest in the civic and social life of the town and was particularly fond of music. He and his wife both took part in many musical performances and sang in the Presbyterian Choir which he led for many years. This was generally appreciated as upon their departure from Sidney in 1881 he was presented with a gold-headed cane which was quite the rage at that time. When he went on business trips especially to Cincinnati he always profited by hearing good music. It was on one of these trips that he heard Jenny Lind sing which made a lasting impression on him, so much so that in after years he loved to recall that treat.

In 1869 and 1870 he was a councilman in Sidney performing his civic duty in trying to help the town. In 1877 he received an appointment to the staff of Governor Young of Ohio which carried with it the honorary rank of Colonel, but he never used that title, always preferring to be known as Captain Taylor, a rank he had won in the service. Probably most people who knew him well or slightly knew him as Captain Taylor.

During this period the family lived first on the corner of North & Miami Sts. directly across from the Presbyterian Church where later has stood the imposing home of William Piper, next moving to the comfortable home on the south side of the square, Court St., near South Ohio St., which had been known as the McCaslin house. Our next door neighbors were A. J. Robertson—familiarly known to us as "Pa"—and his family who have always remained dear and valued friends. They had recently lost their mother so my mother always took a motherly interest in them. At the same time she was taking quite an interest in her own family which was rapidly growing up. Thirteen children were born to them, five dying in infancy, two in their 'teens and six growing to maturity. Friends marvelled at their accepting the responsibility of such a family but they apparently rejoiced in it. My mother always said that love was not a fixed quantity to be expended on one child or shared by a larger number in equal proportions, but that love was an element which increased and expanded to cover any number of children. She always felt sorry for an only child and for its parents, too. So the love of our parents was always adequate for our family and none felt slighted.

The death of Emily Kate in 1880 and that of Edwin Craig in 1894 were the cause of an unending grief to their parents. My mother had a childhood friend named Emily Fielding, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Fielding, which friendship has lasted, I am sure, into eternity. My mother used to write the name of Emily Fielding in books she was reading or on loose pieces of paper

1164737

when she was writing; she seemed to have her in her thoughts at all times. It was for this friend and for her sister, Kate, that Emily Kate was named and all the love she had for both seemed to be poured out on this child. Imagine, then, the grief when Kitty was taken from them in her sixteenth year! They never quite recovered from that sorrow. The same may be said of the death of Edwin Craig in his twentieth year. He was never really very strong although apparently in robust health. They longed to see him grow to manhood. His was an amazingly lovable nature, the gentle nature of his mother, so it was a crushing blow to them to have him taken. There can be no question that the death of those two children made for them the presence of the immortal life far more real than any amount of theology, for they lived in it to the end of their days.

Ed had been commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the Richland Rifles with John Huggins as Captain and Fred Marquis as 1st Lieut. When that local organization became a unit of the National Guard these officers continued in those ranks, the other two serving later on in the Spanish-American War of 1898. Germs of disease encountered in their war experience carried them, not so very many years later, to their graves. Ed was studying at the Shortledge Academy, Media, Pa., in preparation for the University of Pennsylvania the next autumn. He came home for the Christmas holidays but never returned to school as death took him January 28, 1894.

The writer was too young to remember when the determination to move to Mansfield was made; he does remember the journey to Mansfield in the high carriage drawn by two Indian ponies, Dock and Deck, who were real personalities in our family for years. Every one of us had pleasant experiences with the ponies and many memories of them, as have most of our intimate friends. The writer has good reason to remember Deck because he was almost scalped by him one pleasant day in May when at the age of 14 months he was sitting in the yard with his mother. Deck, in a playful mood, got loose from his stall and, running down the yard, leaped over the child, his hind hoof grazing the forehead and leaving a scar for him to carry all the days of his life. Deck died on the evening when we were celebrating Frank's 21st birthday in 1889, casting a heavy cloud over the merry-making. Dock lived several years longer and spent his last days in well-deserved comfort on Capt. William Cockley's farm near Lexington, O.

Benjamin F. Crawford, who had married my father's sister, Aurelia, had moved to Mansfield from Richmond, Ind., and entered into the partnership of Crawford and Zeller, cracker bakers. In 1881 my father purchased the interest of John G. Zeller and the partnership of Crawford and Taylor was consummated. It must have been quite a wrench for my parents and the older children to break the ties with Sidney—the relatives, the friends, the many associations. They did it, nevertheless, my father severing his partnership with his brother in the hardware business and selling his home.

I remember the departure on an October morning in 1881. Rolla, Howard and Margaret went by train, my parents with Frank, Edwin and myself traveling over the road in the carriage. For the children this journey was a lark. We stopped two nights at different places reaching Mansfield over West Market St., now known as Park Ave., West, and pulling up at the Crawford home at the corner of Park Ave. and Douglass Ave. The house was later on remodeled by Mr. Tracy whose house at the corner of Fourth and Mulberry Sts. had been purchased by my father.

Father had bought the house at 147 W. Third St., the number being changed at a later date to 326. He insisted on having a house on the north side of the street and this house had that qualification. That was home for us until 1893. There we had many happy times and of it many happy memories. There were pleasant neighbors and it was but a short distance to the Crawfords' and to the estate of John Sherman, then one of the Senators for Ohio in Washington.

At the cracker factory Father had another opportunity to show his ability in leading people. Every so often he would stroll from his office through the factory where he knew every man and woman well, never with the idea of spying on them but always as an expression of friendly interest and incidentally for the good of the cracker business. He knew them as a friend and more than one occasion arose when he was able to advise or help them in a very personal way. There were never any labor misunderstandings in that plant. One recalls some of the old "faithfuls" who gave years of their lives to their jobs with Crawford and Taylor: David Wilson, Gus Krill, Dan Henry, Jimmie Beatty, George Brown, Harry Oster, the Boutty sisters, Julia and Lizzie, Barbara Lantz and May Goodwin. In the office, Lizzie Woods, David and Mary Gibson.

Business prospered in the factory at the corner of Walnut and Bloom (now Fifth) Sts., and Mansfield received no little fame from the crackers and cakes which went forth into the world from that plant. Recognition followed and in June, 1890, the firm was incorporated in the United States Baking Co. Uncle Frank Crawford was elected first vice-president and general manager of the new company with headquarters in Pittsburgh which took him out of town most of the time leaving father as manager of the Mansfield factory. It was only a few years after that that the National Biscuit Co. was formed out of the United States Baking Co. and the New York Biscuit Co., Mr. Crawford being elected the first President of that company. Headquarters were established in Chicago which necessitated his moving to that city. As in 1890 my father was made manager of the local Mansfield branch with full responsibility.

The volume of business steadily increased but by 1903 Captain Taylor had determined that he would retire from the active management of the factory after 22 years of successful and honored serv-

ice. He was succeeded by A. L. Cameron. He had thoroughly enjoyed his associations with the men of the National Biscuit Co. when they met for business or in some social gathering. Certain names remain in one's memory: Messrs. Marvin and Rumsey of Pittsburgh, Messrs. Vail and Crane and Lawrence Depew of Detroit, Mr. Stolzenbaugh of Zanesville, Perrin Langdon of Cincinnati, Messrs. Heathman and Bauman of Dayton. There were many others.

While the cracker business was Father's first interest for those 22 active years in Mansfield, he had interests in many other manufacturing enterprises, also. He was among the first of the citizens to sponsor some new business which would bring credit to the city, so he became known as one of the town's most generous and public spirited citizens. Some succeeded, some failed, among the latter being the Richland Vehicle Co. in which he lost much money and gained only worry and trouble. He never lost his faith in men, but that association came frightfully close to causing him to do so. He was at heart a sportsman and that characteristic helped him through the deep water. When he got into a difficult situation, he insisted upon getting out with honor, and men never questioned his integrity.

For years he was on the Board of Directors of the Farmer's Bank and always enjoyed his associations there with such men as Joseph Hedges and Capt. William Cockley. He was also interested with the Cockleys and Barney Beverstock in a Bank in Bellville and in the Cockley Milling Co. at Lexington. He also had interests farther afield than these, as for instance, those he and his sons had with Leonard W. Hoch and John Navin of Adrian, Mich.

There was one tie with Sidney after the family moved to Mansfield which was rather unique. Of course there were the usual visits back and forth of relatives and friends which were pleasant. Father and Mother never forgot their early friends nor did the older children who had made friends in Sidney, but there was one unique tie. Shortly after the Civil War there appeared in the vicinity of Sidney a group of Negroes, former slaves of the Randolph family of Virginia, but later emancipated by Abraham Lincoln.

These Negroes went into service with various families, two beginning with the Henry Thornes in the Hotel. One of these was Hagar Bond, the other Henry Eldredge. They never knew just how they came by those names. They were the personification of loyalty to the Thornes and when the Thornes died, they transferred their loyalty to the William Taylors. It came from the slave training. "Aunt" Hagar and Henry shared the role of general factotums in our household. Henry never married but "Aunt" Hagar was probably married before she left Virginia, for she had a grown daughter—Betty—who worked with her mother and for my mother during the childhood of my older brothers and sisters.

Betty married a man named Watkins and they had a daughter Josephine. Not long after the family had moved to Mansfield,

Josephine came to live with us and stayed for many years. Of course, "Aunt" Hagar was incapacitated by that time but nevertheless, she and Betty used to come to visit us just the same. They spent their last days on a farm near Anna, just north of Sidney. Hagar used to sing the spirituals of the colored people and the writer will never forget one which he has never heard others sing:

"Oh, the rocks and the mountains will all fade away
But we shall have a new hiding-place that day."

Henry was not to be outdone by these women so one morning while we were at breakfast in 1882, there was a knock at the side door and there stood Henry laughing merrily and ready to go to work. He continued in the employ of my father for several years, but even when he was too infirm to work he remained in Mansfield as close to the family as possible. This constant attachment of one man, in the one instance, and the three generations in the other is noteworthy. The deep sense of loyalty in these simple people was touching.

It was Josephine who set fire to the house in May, 1883, when she was starting a fire in the kitchen range in the early morning. Rose was but two months old and Rolla had just brought his bride home from their honeymoon. It was an exciting morning for the family but the really great loss was the War Diary of Captain Taylor. Neighbors strongly advised Mother to carry the sleeping infant to another house, but, as the fire was in a totally different part of the house my mother's calm assurance asserted itself, she saying quite definitely, "Let the baby sleep where she is."

The year 1893 is outstanding in the annals of the Taylor family. The Columbian World's Fair was being held in Chicago and plans had been made for the family to visit the Fair sometime during the summer. Then came the Panic of that year. One day Father came home and announced that our plans would have to be curtailed somewhat; instead of all going together and stopping in some hotel, we would go separately and stay with our old friends, Henry and Mabel Turner, as paying guests. That does not sound as though Captain Taylor was seriously affected by the hard times but it does mean that he was taking notice of the same. It may have meant that he had not wanted to impose upon the Turners who were cordially writing for us to come. There was probably something of each in his determination. He thought it wise to curtail and he wanted to do something for the Turners.

At any rate we were not seriously affected by the Panic and we, each and every one, saw the Fair. For several years there had been discussions of buying elsewhere and moving from W. Third St., so much so that whenever a piece of property was for sale the general supposition was that Captain Taylor was going to buy. Finally, in the autumn of 1893 after Ed had gone to Media, Pa., and the writer to Andover, Mass., where his cousins the Crawford boys had preceded him, the die was cast and Captain Taylor bought the Tracy

home, 68 W. Fourth St., at the northwest corner of Mulberry St. It was a great rambling house on a large lot and very near the business district of the city. This latter fact made house-keeping somewhat easier as the shops and markets were very near.

The family moved into the new house in the autumn and were well established when Ed and Alan came home for the Christmas holidays and when Rolla and Howard appeared from Adrian, Michigan, with their families for a family reunion. There were 18 together for this celebration and the joy of those holidays was probably never equalled again at another reunion because of Ed's death within another month. With the new home was started another dynasty of servants, that of the Green family, Henry and his two sisters, Belle and Aurelia. They stayed in service for years, until the girls were married and had gone to their own homes. Henry stayed almost up to the moment of the families' departure for Adrian in 1913. It was another expression of loyalty and at the same time a tribute to my mother's ability to hold them and keep them satisfied, for it was not an easy household to run. There were many guests and much entertaining. Another faithful and competent servant was Rozelle Breckenridge who later married John Davis.

It would not be said that Mother had an unusual gift as an organizer, but she had uncommon power in making people happy and showing satisfaction with what they did. She had an able lieutenant in her daughter, Margaret, who was born to manage. It required no effort on her part and each one of us learned to depend on her. When Rolla's wife died, she came to his assistance. When Alan was establishing a home in Boston, in 1908, she was the one to get him settled.

The house, while large, was old and there was considerable to be done in modernizing it, so Captain Taylor started to improve it in the spring of 1897. Much more was done than was originally anticipated so that the work lasted through that whole summer. It was, however, made comfortable and there was great rejoicing when the laborers had departed. It was now adequate for entertaining, and entertaining followed as it was the intention of my parents to keep it not only a home for the family but also a gathering place for the friends. The rooms were large and opened into each other through large arches so that no corner was shut off.

Considerable history involving several Mansfield families centers in this house. J. W. Cook, father of J. M. Cook, bought the corner and built the house sometime between 1855 and 1860. In 1865 it was sold to Willard S. Hickox, then President of the First National Bank, a man who had much to do in plunging Mansfield into the terror of the panic of 1873. About 1870 the property was purchased by F. E. Tracy who retained it as his home until he sold to Captain Taylor in 1893.

An article in the Mansfield News stated "The latter made it his home for many years and had a very fine hospitable home . . . . Back of the house where a garage is now located, Capt. Taylor kept a stable of fine Kentucky horses and there are many who will remember the Taylor carriage and span of sorrel horses that made a spanking appearance as they trotted around town."

In 1913 the corner was sold to the order of K. of P. who dubbed it a "castle".

Sometime during the depression years 1929-33 the old home was used as a lodging house for transients.

An article by Jane Williams states:

"The stately old mansion that was once presided over by a dignified and aristocratic host is now the sanctuary of hoboes. Once, a long time ago, the sunlight crept into the old high-ceilinged rooms, lingered on the rich luxurious carpets and marble mantels. Now, it warms the bare walls and provides cheer for the men who are 'down-and-outers'. Hospitality again reigns in the old home of Capt. Taylor . . . . but the guests are homeless men."

It was in the home that the personalities of Father and Mother were felt by their children and friends. Each was blessed with a genial gift for making friends, so friends were legion. But a few can be mentioned along with the eternal friendships of Baldwin Hitchcock and Emily Fielding, previously recorded. There was Mr. Tully of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a constant friend from the Antioch days; there were Rolla McCray of Indianapolis, and Alan Cole of Baltimore; there was the lovely Rose Kendall who became the wife of Dr. George Goodhue of Dayton, O. There were Charlie and Alice Jones of Columbus Grove, O. To the children Home was the place of pleasantest associations, and it can be said that their friends felt that and were "at home" there also.

In the summer the broad piazza stretching across the front and around the west side of the house played an important role in expressing the hospitality of the house. In the course of a summer literally hundreds of people passing would stop in and visit or would lean against the railing and talk until all the grass was tramped down. They felt the welcome.

Captain Taylor had been strict with himself, so that it is not to be wondered that he expected attention from others, especially from his children. When they heard his peculiar whistle at a distance or his voice calling, that was no time to ask "What?", but they answered "Yes, Sir" and came a-running. Perhaps the last expression of that response was in the instance of his grand-nephew, Frederick Alan McLean, who learned it almost in his infancy and was known therefore, as his Uncle Will's "Yes, Sir Boy".

The same was true of his employees; they knew that when he said a certain task was to be performed, that it was to be performed. The same was true of his soldiers, the same was true of his ball

players. Mother arrived at the same end in what might be called a gentler way.

Their children were their first interest and responsibility: they might have other interests, mother with a club or her books, father with business or sports, but the family came first. Every child felt this devoted concern, not to take undue advantage of it but to benefit by it. Consequently there was no feeling of strain between parents and children. The relationship was perfectly natural. They gave advice in such a way that advice was taken as the natural, sensible thing to do.

For instance, father's letter to a son upon his 21st birthday:—"My dear Man: When this reaches you we shall all be thinking of you gaining your majority, and a blessed thought to all, after being so near to death's door. We have many other reasons to be thankful for that your life has been an upright one. . . . All you have to do is to guard yourself against evil associations and cultivate your mind in different directions. . . . Hoping that will reach you on time and wishing you nothing but a blessed and successful future, with all the love of a father for a dear son".

Or one to a daughter after her first break with her home when she was getting adjusted to Boarding School:—"Dear Daughter: Your letter was duly received and I thought I would write to you so that you would receive this on the Sabbath day when it would help to break the blues. We are gratified at your entire satisfaction with all your pleasant surroundings. I trust that you will realize that it is not for fun that we sent you away from us and deprived ourselves of your dear presence, but all for your own dear benefit. Do not waste time in your steady advancement. . . . I must now close and go to dinner hoping you will be careful of yourself and do all you can to advance your own interest. We are invited to a large party at the Dr. Mitchells' next Monday night and expect to go."

Mother's letters expressed the same interest in and concern for the children. Here is one from her to Rose just after she had left home for the first time in 1899,—"My darling Child: Father brought your sweet letter home at luncheon time and read it to us. We were so glad to hear from you and to know that you were feeling so well, taking up life's duties which will make a great girl out of you. I think it was just the thing for you to go out from us for you know that we would always have babied you. You never could have done anything for yourself. So you see it was the wisest thing for you to do; you were so firm and resolute in your opinions."

These are characteristic expressions of the great parental love which was enfolding their children. Father's financial circumstances were not such that he could have sent the older children away to college but he made up for that in later years by establishing Rolla and Howard in the hardware business in Adrian, Mich., in 1884

and presenting each with a comfortable home a few years later, Rolla's at the corner of Broad and Butler Sts. and Howard's at the corner of S. Winter and Dallas Sts. The younger had the great advantage of being sent away to boarding school and college. There could never have been more generous parents. They seemed to live, to share with and make their children happy. This would obtain with many other persons, also.

In politics William Taylor was a Republican as all his relatives were. The principle of a strong Federal Government in contrast with that of a loose Confederacy was uppermost in his mind and probably was a mental inheritance from Federalist forebears. He was not quite twenty years of age at the time of the election in 1856 but was a strong Lincoln man in 1860. In fact Lincoln personified and symbolized his Republicanism for he believed profoundly in the maintenance of the Union of the United States, considered Lincoln the inspired leader of that cause, and gave himself to that cause when he volunteered for service in the Union Army. He was essentially a Civil War Republican and was apt to look upon Democrats in general as rebels and renegades.

The writer remembers the Blaine and Logan Campaign of 1884, the period of torch-light processions at their best, when Captain Taylor acted as chief marshall of the parade, riding Deck, one of the Indian ponies, at the head of the marchers. His family were very proud of him in his uniform of oil cloth. However, when the Democrats had a similar parade, the house was kept in complete darkness as the marchers passed and no one was permitted to speak, although the children were allowed to peer through the inside shutters. It was a fearful time, for the children rather got the impression that this lawless mob might burn the house down.

It was natural to the thinking of Captain Taylor that Officers of the Union Army should be elevated to the high position of President of the United States, so from General Grant to Major McKinley that sequence pleased him. It is a fact that his sons, Rolla, Howard and Frank when grown men, voted for a Democratic Governor of Michigan, but they never told their father for they knew that it would make him very unhappy.

He never went into politics in the sense of running for office. His appointment to the staff of Gov. Young in 1877 may have been in a way political but it was more likely to have been honorary. As he served on the City Council in Sidney so he served in the same capacity for several terms (1893-1896) in Mansfield, and Leroy Parsons, who served with him, has said that he did yeoman labor in getting the city streets improved. He used to joke about his compensation from the City Council as he never received anything but an occasional lead pencil.

Captain Taylor was a keen lover of sports. Baldwin Hitchcock has told of his boyhood efforts at playing baseball and his interest in fishing. He was devoted to hunting, too, and until his eyesight

began to fail went shooting whenever the season and the law permitted. In those days, however, there were not so many laws and he would bag quail, pheasant, partridge and wild turkey. He usually kept a bird dog, the last of the line being old Breck whom Rolla had to take out behind the cemetery in Sidney and shoot although he hated firearms. None of the Captain's sons ever inherited his love for fishing and shooting, although they shared his interest in other sports.

He was fond of a game of cards either at his club or in his home where a card table always stood during the week near his favorite chair, a comfortable rocker which he had inherited from his grandfather. On Saturday night that card table was decorously folded up and put away until Monday. Mother never played cards except an occasional game of solitaire in which she quietly indulged while others joined in whist. Her Quaker training did not include cards but she enjoyed other games such as checkers and dominoes.

Father was a billiard enthusiast and had a table in his home where he spent many a happy hour with his friends. This room was also a popular place for the children and their friends. Father was a good sportsman but there was no question about his liking to win rather than to lose. This is indicated in his diary where he is reporting a game of billiards with Howard who was at home for his birthday celebration. Howard played an excellent game of billiards and usually won. The entry in father's diary reads, "Played a game of billiards with Howard and won, too."

Back in the late 80's Mansfield became wildly enthusiastic over roller skating and two enormous rinks were maintained, one on West Third St., the other on East First St. This resulted in polo teams. In turn a league was formed and the league matches in this roller skate polo stirred up the wildest excitement. As this sport was popular in the winter when there was no base ball, Captain Taylor took a keen interest in it, carrying his family with him. At the height of the season one year the team of the West Third St. rink appeared in new bright turkey red uniforms which made a startling effect as the players came gliding onto the floor. For years he would not admit it, but long after the rinks had disappeared and the sport almost forgotten, he confessed that he had provided the uniforms.

But he was probably known best as a patron of baseball who for years backed teams in Mansfield with his influence and money. He loved sport for sport's sake, never as a commercial or gambling venture, and was willing to pay the price. He loved to see his players win as he loved to see his soldiers or employees win, because it was what they had undertaken. He expected them to do their part. The whole family followed him in this and it would have been strange for any member of the family to stay away from a game. Each one had a season pass.

Many famous ball players got a start under his leadership in the Mansfield teams. Only a few can be mentioned: Ed Delehanty who

stole a ride on a freight train from Cleveland to Mansfield with Phillie Osborn, and became one of the greatest players of all time on the Philadelphia Nationals. John Henry Wagner, familiarly known as "Honus", who became a famous member of the Pittsburgh Nationals. In a little sketch of "Honus" he said of himself, "Was 21 before first league offer came from Mansfield, O., club of the Ohio State League. . . . Was transferred by Owner Taylor to Adrian club of South Michigan League about mid-season. Taylor's son ran club there. Wasn't so hot as pitcher. Better second baseman."

Then there was Bob Allen whose family was well-known and respected in Marion, O. He was a clean, sportsmanlike gentleman who played the game accordingly. He was welcomed to the Taylor home like one of the family. He was a great short-stop and later managed the Boston National team. Another player who must be mentioned was Miller Huggins who later managed the New York Yankees of the American League. He was another gentleman in professional baseball. Wherever Captain Taylor used to go, east or west, he was apt to be greeted pleasantly by some former player on a Mansfield team.

The citizens generally seemed willing to have a few accept the financial responsibility of a ball team. There were anxieties and losses connected with such a venture, but Captain Taylor was bravely backed by a few, the late Jere and Barnabas Burns, and Charles Voegele. A few years ago the following appeared in the Mansfield News:—"Editor News: A few days ago in your 'Twenty Years Ago' column we noticed that men with teams and scrapers were getting the ball grounds into shape out Reformatory way.

"But say, where are the men, with real red blood, who would put up the 'iron men' for a good ball team, never thinking of profit or gain?

"Where are the Captain Taylors, the Burnses and the men like our own Charles E. Voegele who were all ready and willing to donate toward the upkeep of the team, win or lose?

Innes V. Brent."

The religion of the home was definite but not demonstrative. The early training of both William and Lavenia had been in Christian homes and within the Christian Church. The Quaker inheritance of Mother was always evident; she went through life with a serenity and poise which could come only from a consciousness of the Holy Spirit's guidance. The writer can say, after scores of contacts with people under mental strain or distress or sorrow, that he never encountered another with such complete self-control when that was the supreme necessity. It could have come from nothing but a genuine consciousness of Divine assistance. She took advantage of her Christianity.

Father's inheritance was not the same as that, yet he was profoundly conscious of the Presence of the Spirit. When some great

emergency was upon him such as War or financial trouble or grief, he always controlled himself. The same cannot be said about his encounter with some of the more superficial worries of life; then, he might be a bit impatient. He had a well-developed sense of duty, of honesty and of morality, and when convinced that a cause was right or just would give himself to it with the deepest earnestness.

Mother became a member of the Presbyterian Church in Sidney when young and always took an active part in the Church's life and work. She had a large family, which she never neglected, but at the same time sang regularly in the Church choir. In Mansfield her activities in the church turned more to the missionary responsibilities. After her death a beautiful eulogy of her was written by Anna E. Stuart for the Home and Foreign Missionary Society. We quote: "Let us pause for a few moments to eulogize one who has so suddenly dropped from our ranks, one who was ever ready to put her shoulder to the wheel, and whose heart, hand and purse were freely given to this work. . . . In her death the Church and this Society and the others to which she belonged, all lose a loyal member and a liberal supporter. . . . Few are the families whose members are so kindly affectioned one toward another as they have always been, and the mother with her strong and winning love made the home an ideal and happy one. . . . Few women were more generous and kind to those less fortunate or more sympathetic to those in sorrow than was Mrs. Taylor. To know her was to esteem and honor her."

Father, too, was interested in the Presbyterian Church and as had been said was choir leader for years in Sidney. Yet he never formally joined the church until January 16, 1889. The night when he made his decision was a memorable one for his family because he waited until all the family was in the house, then gathering them about him, told them of the step he was about to take. It was a serious step and once he had taken it, he would never turn back. Years later the Rev. D. J. Meese, the minister, stated that that decision meant much to him in his ministry in Mansfield.

Robert W. Stephenson, a nephew, has looked up the Church records and has written, "Uncle Will was elected a member of the Board of Trustees on Feb. 2, 1889, at the annual meeting of the congregation, and on Feb. 18, same year, he attended the first informal meeting of certain members to discuss the possibility of building a new church. Of this informal meeting he was chairman. The idea of a new church grew rapidly, doubtless a result of his enthusiasm, and a short time later when it was decided to build he was made chairman of the building committee and continued to serve as such until the dedication and final completion of the financing in 1893. I have before me the complete record of the proceedings of the Building Committee, and it makes most interesting reading. He was present at every meeting of the Committee except when out of town.

"The present property of the church on Mulberry St. at that time consisted of two lots, one owned by the heirs of a Mr. Hunter, the other by Albert Lee. It was decided that this was to be the location if the lots could be secured. So, to make sure that the church would eventually get the lots, Uncle Will bought one and Peter Bissman the other, the committee entering into a 'gentlemen's agreement' that they would accept the verbal promise of Taylor and Bissman to convey the lots at the proper time, and the other trustees agreed that if the church eventually should decide not to buy these lots they would personally reimburse Taylor and Bissman for such loss as they might sustain in their purchase and failure of the church to buy. There were real gentlemen in business in Mansfield in those days. Nowadays such an agreement would be evidenced by a written contract embracing at least ten pages and approved by not fewer than fourteen lawyers. Yea—times have changed."

When the Taylors moved to Mansfield the Presbyterians worshipped in a brick church on the corner of S. Park and S. Diamond Sts., across from the County jail. The parents went to church as a matter of course as the thing to do on Sunday morning; so did the children. There was no coercion about it, it was all in example. There are pleasant memories about that old church for more than one family in Mansfield. The Taylors sat in pew 12 on the east side with the MacBrides in front of them; then there were the John Simpsons, the Joseph Blacks, the Vennum family, the John Bristors, the Loughridges, John Maxwell, the Baxters and many others whom the writer can see in his mind's eye.

Mr. Meese came to the church in 1886 and stayed for 22 years. His pastorate was in many respects the most successful in the history of the organization. Outside he was a friend to countless people who could not claim him as a pastor. The Taylor family was deeply impressed by him. The new church was dedicated in May, 1893, and the Taylors were probably more active there than in the old church. The friendship with the Meeses remained a lively one as when Dr. Meese resigned from the pastorate in 1908 he accepted the chaplaincy of the Ohio Reformatory which kept the family in Mansfield.

Now to revert to the religion in the home; there was no more coercion there than in going to Sunday School and Church. The children saw their parents interested in the organized institution, the Church, and they saw them living Christian lives normally and naturally. Their example counted for more than did their precept as an influence on the children. There were always family prayers and grace before meals. No restrictions were put on the social life of the family. The parents had always danced so most of the children could not remember when they learned to do the same; the parents were fond of the theatre and the children had the same interest. Father smoked and all he ever said to his sons was "never smoke behind my back". The children grew up to love sports

because they had the example of good sportsmanship ever before them.

The summer of 1903 was a happy one for the Taylor family. Aunt Margaret Stephenson with her family had come from Somerset, Ky., to make her home in Mansfield. She was my mother's younger sister and both anticipated many happy years together. Rose was at home after finishing boarding school in Boston, and Alan was at home for the long vacation after his first year in the Cambridge Theological School. The sons in Adrian, Mich., came for short visits and the grandchildren for longer ones so there was much going on in the house into which father and mother entered with great pleasure. In retrospect it was a singularly serene and happy summer.

Late in September father and mother went to Sidney, as their custom was, for the County Fair. That was always an occasion which made it possible for them to have a visit with relatives and friends in the surroundings of their birthplace and childhood. The place was dear to them and the associations precious. This meant the continuance of the happiness of the summer. Mother had had several heart attacks and the family had warning that she might not recover from one of these but no one was prepared for the fatal moment.

Father and mother returned to Mansfield from their pleasant visit in Sidney on October 2, and spent most of the day and evening telling the family and friends who dropped in of their experiences. Nothing was further from their minds than a premonition of death. They were tired after their journey, so retired early, but about 9:30 she was seized with a heart attack and before a doctor could reach her had passed on into the Great Beyond. Even after the lapse of 33 years it is difficult for the writer to think of that separation with any composure. The news of her death came as a terrific physical and spiritual wrench. With the new relationship with her, life took on a totally different aspect,

She was mourned and missed by all sorts of people. The Mansfield News said at the time of her death: "She was a prominent and effective church worker and was known for her charity toward the poor of Mansfield than whom perhaps none will mourn her death more sincerely." After the funeral service in the Mansfield home her body was taken to Sidney where the final service was conducted in the home of Uncle Oliver Taylor. Her pastor, Dr. D. J. Meese, accompanied the family to Sidney and joined in that last service with the Rev. L. M. Coffman, the Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. Robert McCaslin who had been her pastor in her early married life. It was a very personal service.

The faithful Baldwin Hitchcock wrote the following which was published in the Sidney Journal, October 9, 1903: "The mortal part of Mrs. William H. Taylor, of Mansfield, was laid away in Graceland cemetery Tuesday, October 6, by the side of seven chil-

dren who had preceded her. Though she had not lived in Sidney for twenty-two years, she was so long an esteemed resident of this city and her visits here so frequent this was more her home in reality than the city of her adoption, and, though she might never return to Sidney to live, here was the place she wished to make her restful and final abode. Mrs. Taylor, known in her youth as Lavenia Thorne, was born with one of the most genial and lovable natures which no circumstances, however untoward, would ruffle or change. Her uniform kindness, benevolence and sympathy endeared her to children, youths, middle aged and old. The virtues of a Christian character, implanted in her nature, never ceased to bloom in her daily life and shed their fragrance on all her doings. For twenty-two years her rich alto voice was heard in the choir of the Presbyterian congregation, and few were the hymns and psalms which she could not repeat."

The next year was a difficult one for the whole family. Captain Taylor demonstrated how dependent he had been upon his wife. The companionship of more than 45 years had controlled his life, and, deprived of that, he was utterly forlorn. The sons and daughters tried to do what they could for him, but their efforts seemed futile. These children felt their own irreparable loss in the passing of their mother and it was augmented by the pitiable condition of their father.

There had lived in Sidney in former years a girl named Mary Mills, a contemporary of Aurelia Taylor, the Captain's sister. She had practically sacrificed her whole life taking care of an aged and infirm mother who had recently died. When his thoughts began to turn to her, at first it produced a shock to his children, but later they began to see that she might fill the need of companionship in his life. That was what happened. William H. Taylor and Mary E. Mills were married at high noon at Montclair, N. J., on November 29, 1904, on his 68th birthday. She came into the Taylor home as "Mollie" to all the children and relatives and was a faithful and devoted spouse. She died in Washington, D. C., on January 1, 1933, after a lingering illness, and was buried in Vineland, N. J.

The last ten years of Captain Taylor's life were changed years. The death of his helpmate for 45 years brought the first upheaval. The second came with his retirement from the management of the National Biscuit Co. plant. The third came with the terrific anxiety over the perilous condition of the Richland Vehicle Co. the responsibility for which he shouldered.

On October 22, 1903, he wrote, "We are all well as usual at home and getting along as best we can under the circumstances, though it is very lonely. We do miss our dear one so much, but what a consolation to us all when we think of where she is now, among the chosen ones and with the majority of our family. I can imagine I hear their rejoicing, and it is only for a short time on this earth when we shall be with them."

After his long and active life, retirement from business was a serious condition, not only for himself but also for the family. Leisure grew irksome for he still felt physically and mentally alert enough to carry on. For the most part, however, he was philosophical about it and made a real effort to effect the transition. A lover of sports, he took more interest in these than ever before; he read more than he had been wont to in earlier years; he enjoyed the theatre, and as deafness increased he got a real comfort out of the silent motion pictures. He was able to travel more than in earlier years.

Speaking of books,—mother was the great reader and incidentally the great buyer of books which were frequently the subject for lengthy discussions of a humorous sort. But she never yielded.

His one venture which came near to making him lose faith in men was his connection with the Richland Vehicle Co. It was never a go, but apparently he never wanted to admit that, so kept putting more and more money into it. March 12, 1903, he wrote, "The Buggy Co. is now in the hands of Mahurin, who is appointed by the court as receiver, temporarily. I suppose there will not be much left of it after the lawyers and court are through. This has been the most disastrous association for me and I hope to see the day when it is all cleaned up and off my hands. It certainly will be a great relief to me."

In June, 1905, father, Mollie, Margaret, Rose and his grandson namesake, William Harrison Taylor, went on to Cambridge, Mass., to attend Alan's graduation from the Episcopal Theological School, and to see him made a Deacon in the school chapel at the hands of Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts. While Rose and Alan departed for Nova Scotia, the others continued their trip to New York and other points as this was Will's first trip east and father wanted him to see as much as possible.

In January, 1906, father, Mollie, Margaret and Rose left for southern California to spend the rest of the winter. These three or four months gave him great joy and his letters were full of the pleasure they were having. They took up quarters in the Leighton Hotel, on Westlake Park, Los Angeles, making trips from there. February 21 he wrote: "We are still having a good time and enjoying this lovely climate. While it is raining some, we can stand that rather than the zero weather they are having at home. —— We run around here without extra wraps and our hotel is a perfect home, ———. If I could sell our home, I would never return to the East."

March 5 he wrote: "Called on C. A. Rumsey whom no doubt you will remember as our former secretary and treasurer of the National Biscuit Co. who retired four years ago and now lives near Riverside. He was not at home but his wife invited us in to see their great collection of Indian baskets, etc."

April 1 brought this letter: "We have just returned from church where Ernest Douglas plays the organ, and Dean Hodges will preach

next Friday. We hope to be in Santa Barbara that day and the week following in San Francisco. —— We dislike leaving here for we have certainly enjoyed every day. I would like very much to live here, but we shall go home and fix up the place the best we can and soon have you there with us for a while. —— Our carriages are all newly painted and they will be in fine shape for our enjoyment. Our horses are in good hands so I hope that they will be in good condition for some driving."

But before they were to get home they were to go through a dreadful experience. They reached San Francisco two days before the devastating earthquake and fire of April 18. They had expected to be there a month so had gotten comfortably settled in their hotel. The Cecil. Early on the morning of the 18th they were ruthlessly awakened from their sleep by the creaking and swaying of the walls of their rooms; they looked out and saw destruction all about them. Father got the ladies to the street as soon as possible and quickly formulated his plans.

They were advised by natives to be calm and leave their belongings just where they were. Father was calm but he did not take the advice. As soon as possible he had the ladies pack their trunks, he secured a truck driven by two young men, got the trunks and ladies onto the truck, and driving through the perilous streets they reached the Market Street Ferry where they caught the last ferry to cross to Oakland for a long time. His friends have often marveled at his presence of mind on this occasion.

The experience was a terrific shock to all of them but he decided that it was best for them to make this effort, and there can now be no question as to the wisdom of his course. Thousands of anxious families waited many a day to hear from relatives caught in San Francisco. That very night Alan received at St. George's Memorial House in New York City a telegram by the Postal Co. at Oakland: "All right so far, to leave for Portland tonight. Wire the boys in Adrian and John Mather. W. H. Taylor."

The relief which that telegram brought was simply incalculable to his family. Father's decision as to his course on that memorable morning and his dispatch in carrying it through were characteristic of him. While he and the ladies suffered from the nervous shock, yet they escaped from the horrors of the fire and were able to go on with their travels in the northwest for a month or more.

They made their usual visits in Adrian and Sidney, and while Alan was serving as an Assistant Minister at St. George's Church, New York, they came on there. In January, 1908, when Alan was considering a call to the Church of the Holy Spirit, Mattapan, Boston, father wrote: "I have thought over the matter of your leaving St. George's very seriously for we have always thought so well of your associates there where everything about is so pleasant. We have all become attached to the place. But we feel also that you must sometime make a change and assume responsibilities, and as you like

Boston and its climate. we are all of one opinion that the change, if it must be made and everything suits you, will be good. Accept the call and begin to feel that you are settled, and we shall be satisfied. But be sure that all the surroundings are perfectly agreeable to you. You must understand that the whole responsibility will devolve upon you and that your success depends upon your labors."

This letter expresses other sides of his life and character: his interest in his children: "We had thought that Rose would stay longer in New York and then to Baltimore, but if she thinks otherwise, let it go so. If she concluded to stay longer and needs more money, let her say so and I will respond. Very glad that you are both having such a good time."

His continued interest in sport: "Tell Rose that we are now a few points below Ashland in Polo; our league is very fast and we see some fine plays." He never quite recovered from the fall he tells about next: "I had a very bad fall last Monday as I was crossing Blymyer's alley on Main Street. My feet slipped up and I came down on my left arm, a great wonder it was not broken. But I have been sore all the week." Up to that time he had carried himself very erect like a youthful soldier, but from then on there came a change. He was rather proud of his posture and was always upbraiding his children or others if they allowed themselves to slump.

The year 1913 was a very happy one in the life of Captain Taylor. In the first place the fiasco of the Buggy Co. was a thing of the past and he was to sell the Mansfield home which had become somewhat of a burden with the smaller family. In the second place he traveled considerably and later moved to Adrian to make his home nearer the older boys, which he had longed to do for several years.

Mollie and he went to St. Petersburg, Florida, for the worst part of the winter where they had a pleasant time, extending their travels in the spring to Havana. Toward the end of April they arrived in Boston to visit Rose and Alan who were since 1908 at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Mattapan Square. This was most enjoyable to all, he taking a lively interest in the affairs of the church and making acquaintances with the people of the parish. They left for home on May 2. It was a great sorrow to note at that time that a man who had always been so active and alert was beginning to be feeble.

With the sale of the home in Mansfield they moved in the early summer to Adrian and took up residence in Howard's home on South Winter street as he had moved to the Major Howell house on State street. He had been such a young man when Rolla and Howard were born that they had all grown up together as contemporaries. Not being in business, but a hardware man in former years, he was at home in the store of Taylor Brothers which afforded him a definite interest. The store was a place where the friends of the sons congregated and this he thoroughly enjoyed.

There was baseball in Adrian that summer and he had purchased his first and only automobile. It was a big seven passenger car and

he had a competent chauffeur, so baseball and auto meant a combination of pleasure. Rose left Boston early in the summer to stay with the family in Adrian followed by Alan for his regular vacation. There were many family parties in which father was the central figure. Having his family about him again was the source of great joy to him. Family singing was revived with Margaret and Maude taking turns at the piano. The practice of family singing had long been established, not that any one sang remarkably well but all sang and all thoroughly enjoyed it.

On August 21st father, Mollie, Margaret, Rose and Alan, with Ernest, the chauffeur, at the wheel left in the big Cole auto for Sidney, stopping for luncheon with the Charlie Joneses at Columbus Grove and reaching Sidney late in the afternoon. Another happy round of visits with relatives and friends with Aunt Julia Lamb, the matriarch, looking as young as her nephews, Oliver and William. It was during that visit that these two brothers took several groups of the younger generations out to the farm where Samuel and Elizabeth settled when they first came to Shelby County.

The following from the Wapakoneta News was carried by the Sidney paper at that time:

Captain Taylor Talks

"Captain Taylor came into this city Thursday afternoon, with the storm, as one of the members of an automobile party en route from Adrian, Michigan, to Sidney, and the machine was run into the Wahrer garage during the rain. Captain Taylor chatted entertainingly with a number of local people at the garage, and recalled that his father died in this city in1870, in a house near the present location of Dr. Nichols' office. He also called to mind an excursion party of Wapakonetans who went to Cincinnati when he was a young man, and named one Wapakoneta lady, who is still living, as being a member of the party. They boarded a boat on the Ohio river for a ride, and were required to climb a ladder ten feet high and crawl through a hole to reach the deck. Captain Taylor chuckled as he told of the difficulties experienced by the ladies in getting through the hole with their hoop skirts."

From Sidney the party motored to Mansfield for another renewal of acquaintance with friends and visits with relatives. All the Crawford children were there and Uncle Will had an opportunity to see them. The whole trip was as though he were saying "Good-Bye." The others left Rose and Alan at the Country Club for a little longer visit in Mansfield and the writer has that last picture of his father driving off from the Club and waving to us.

About a month later Uncle Oliver and Aunt Helen with some of their family paid them a return visit in Adrian when they had many good times together.

Then came the celebration of his seventy-seventh birthday. The actual day would have been November 29th which was Saturday.

The celebration was held on Sunday with sixteen children and grandchildren present. Let the letter he wrote to Rose and Alan the next day tell of his appreciation: "Dear Children, It is some time since I last wrote you, but now that it is all over and all feel well, I have the time to reply to your letters. Well, we certainly had a lovely time on Sunday, had all the dear ones here, 16, and two fine turkeys and a pheasant for me. That was a great surprise to me. When sitting at the table Roll gave me first a plate of turkey then the bird. I just gave my turkey to Anna on my left and gave my undivided attention to the pheasant, passing it around for every one to have a taste of the finest bird which ever had feathers and presented to me by Taylor Brothers. I did not know a thing about it until it was placed before me.

You see how agreeably surprised I was. Many other presents, among which was yours for which I thank you many times. With all your careful packing only three of the Scotch short cakes came through whole but we enjoyed them greatly. They all stayed late and we enjoyed ourselves. Today my ship came in and as a result you will find enclosed a N. Y. draft for $100 to keep you going for awhile. I have all my Christmas gold and it took 22 five dollar pieces and 2 ten dollar pieces, but what is that when you have it? One can be happy with the return when it is all over.

Adelaide has the best baby I have ever seen, we all love him. They live only a block from us and are over to see us very often. We all make the rounds at the home of one or the other and it is good to be with them all together. Thanksgiving we were all at Howard's when we had a lovely time. We could imagine that your dinner with Howell and his roommate was an enjoyable affair. Now be good to yourselves, keep well and enjoy life."

That letter was written on Monday, on the following Friday he died. He had not been feeling very well but that morning while dressing he was seized by a sudden heart attack. Mollie and Margaret did what they could for him but he passed away before a doctor or his sons could reach his side.

The Mansfield Shield said: "Few Mansfield men were better known than William H. Taylor. He was public-spirited, loyal to his family and friends and made friends with all who came in contact with him." The Mansfield News stated: "In addition to giving personal attention to the cracker business during many of the active years of his life, Captain Taylor had interests at one time in nearly all the manufacturing plants of the city and was generally recognized as among Mansfield's most public-spirited citizens. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was also a 32nd degree Mason." There were tributes from all directions from people who had come to know his friendship and helpfulness.

Although he had been going to Adrian regularly since 1884 when he had purchased the hardware business for his sons, and although he knew many people in that town, yet he had resided there only

since the previous June. But today there are people in Adrian who remember him with deep feeling and recall his genial personality.

After a short service in Adrian, the body was taken to Sidney, whither Rose and Alan had gone from Boston and many other relatives and friends from many directions. The burial service was held in the home of his brother, O. J. Taylor, and was conducted by the Rev.Robert McCaslin, his pastor of former years, and the Rev. Mr. Love of the Presbyterian Church. Nellie Robertson Benjamin, who had known him all her life, sang, and he was laid to rest in Graceland cemetery by the Comrades of the Neal Post, G. A. R., of which he had been a charter member. Six nephews acted as pallbearers. It was as though everyone there was trying to show some expression of appreciation for one who had been a real friend.

There may have been other fathers of equal understanding, but the writer has a right to be prejudiced in his favor. If in this little sketch he has been able to hand on to the descendants of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor some understanding and appreciation of their lives, their characters and their personalities, his object will have been attained.

The writer has long since thought that a fitting epitaph for his father, expressing his character and his attitude toward life, would be the immortal words from Thackeray's END OF THE PLAY—

"Come wealth or want,
Come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part
And bear it with an honest heart
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fall or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

IV

The Fourth Generation

The title given to this sketch is "Four Generations of Taylors in Ohio," but when we come to the fourth generation we find it distributed from New Hampshire to California. The fourth generation in our particular branch of the family was born in Ohio but it now has gotten entirely into Michigan.

Rolla Linville, son of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born in Sidney, Ohio, on January 6, 1860, where he grew to manhood in the home of his parents. He attended the schools of the town and later the Eastman Business College in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. When he returned to Sidney he accepted a position of book-keeper in the Citizens' Bank under Uncle James Lamb.

When his parents decided to move to Mansfield he was 21. He accompanied them, becoming bookkeeper in the cracker factory of the new firm, Crawford and Taylor. While in Mansfield he entered into the social life of the young people becoming a charter member of the Our Club which still exists as one of the outstanding oganizations of the city. But his mind was set on a young lady in Columbus who had moved there with her parents when her father became an official at the Ohio State Penitentiary. This young lady was Maud H. Ayers whom he married in Columbus on March 27, 1883, the Rev. Wm. E. Moore officiating.

They settled in Mansfield but did not remain there very long. Captain Taylor read in the Cleveland paper one day when in that city of the hardware business of Bruce and Hamilton in Adrian, Mich., which was for sale, so he boarded a train and went to Adrian to inspect this business. When Rolla and Howard were told of this opportunity they were agreeable to the bargain so the business was purchased and given to the sons.

They moved to Adrian in 1884 and went into business under the name of Taylor Brothers at 27 S. Main Street, where they continued until Howard's death in 1918. The sign over the door read "27 Taylor Brothers 27" and one day a farmer came into the store most curious to hear more of these 27 Taylor Brothers. Their store was known throughout the county and their business prospered. Besides hardware they added a plumbing department. After Howard's death the firm was dissolved and Rolla joined with Alanson Bennett in 1919 in a real estate and insurance business. He also acted as trustee of the Cocker estate and represented Miss Lucretia Clark in her business affairs in Adrian.

From 1906 to 1919 Rolla was the resident member of the board of the State Girls Training School. He enjoyed his responsibilities in that connection and took them very seriously. He joined the Odd

Fellows when he was 21 and was a charter member of the Adrian Club and of the Lodge of Elks in Adrian. He served as a director of the Commercial Bank from 1929 to the time of his death. For years he had been a member of the Presbyterian Church in which he served three terms as an Elder.

From his father he inherited his interest in baseball and for many years rarely missed a game if there were one within reach. He organized the Page Fence Giants, a team of Negro players that toured the country doing much to advertise Page Fence and Adrian. He was one of a group of Adrian citizens which secured a franchise for their team in the Southern Michigan League acting as secretary of that organization for a number of years. Probably next to his business and baseball he took as much interest in the work at the Girls Training School as in any other undertaking in his life. It was not only interest but he took a great pride in carrying out his duties on that Board.

When he and Maud first reached Adrian they lived just east of the Episcopal Church on Maumee street. Florence was born on Division street next to the Central school, William at the corner of Maumee and Locust street and Adelaide at 428 N. Broad street. This was the house which father gave to them about 1890 and which remained their home until Rolla's death. They were very sociable and in all these houses were wont to entertain their friends. They belonged to the Jolly Club comprised of a group of genial friends and later to the Gridiron Club where they had many happy times. Rolla reveled in Minstrel Shows and always took the part of an end man.

Maud died on Aug. 17, 1896, and is buried in Adrian. She was born on Nov. 26, 1861, the daughter of A. W. and Mrs. Ayres. This left Rolla with three children, the eldest being but 10 and the youngest not five. It was a difficult situation for a father but his mother and his sister, Margaret, did everything they could for him. In the course of time Cousin Carrie Rhodehamel came to keep house for him but she was inexperienced and not well, dying in St. Joseph's Hospital. For years Rolla lived a widower during all the formative years of his children not marrying again until they were grown and two of them married.

On April 17, 1913, he married in Ionia, Mich., Mrs. Anna Cooper Foote who made a home for him until his death. They had met when she was acting as one of the officers at the Girls Training School. She now resides in Lansing, Mich.

Rolla had not been well after he suffered a serious attack of pneumonia in 1929. They went to Florida in 1930 which helped him through that winter, but the following winter he failed rapidly and died on Feb. 1, 1932. He was buried in Oakwood cemetery, Adrian, on Feb. 3. In the Messenger of the Presbyterian Church the Rev. George D. Prentice wrote:—

"O Grave Where Is Thy Victory"

"A very great gentleman has passed from life to life. Rolla L. Taylor, who has made his home in Adrian for many years was laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery the other morning. His death causes heartaches among many outside of his immediate circle of loved ones. He has been greatly loved and is greatly mourned. In this community Mr. Taylor has worked and played for upwards of half a century. He has made many friends on whose hearts is written the story of his life and labors.

"One seldom meets a man so thoroughly devoted to the Church as he was. Even in these latter years when his eye sight was dim and his strength was at a low ebb, he found his way to church whenever possible. When illness prevented his attending he thought of the Church and regretted his inability to be in his accustomed place. His faith was simple and sincere, the faith of a little child in his Father. The home meant much to Mr. Taylor. Nothing pleased him more than to have his children and grandchildren about him, and he delighted in conversation with the friends who came in to see him.

"A week ago we saw him on the last day of his strength. He was a child again back in the old home in Ohio. Now he has gone on to his new home. Surely he will find friends there and congenial labor and the opportunity to carry on unhampered by illness and weakness the new life he has begun. We would not be so cruel as to call him back but we will miss him sorely."

Florence Ayers Taylor, daughter of Rolla L. and Maud H. (Ayers) Taylor, was born in Adrian Feb. 4, 1886. She grew up in that city and attended the public schools graduating from the High School. After her mother's death she was early trained as a help to her father in caring for the home and taking care of the younger children. There went to the High School with her a boy named Archer William Robb, born in Detroit, Aug. 2, 1885. They were attracted by each other and were married in Adrian, Sept. 19, 1908.

Archer had studied at the University of Michigan before accepting a position with the Telephone Co. which position carried them after their marriage to several cities in Michigan. This did not allow them to get settled in any one place for any length of time. They had two daughters,—Margaret Jane, b. in Adrian, Sept. 24, 1909, and Phyllis Thorne, b. in Kalamazoo, Oct. 10, 1913.

After several years with the telephone company Archer accepted a position with W. C. Durant which took him and the family to New York City. They established a home in Mt. Vernon where they lived for eight years. In 1926 they decided to move back to Adrian where they bought the Defoe house on Broad St. for a home and Archer went into the contracting business with George Ott under the firm name of Rob-Ott, Inc. Later he was interested in the Lenawee

Robb

Textile Co. and in 1933 when the banks were reorganized he was elected President of the Lenawee Co. Savings Bank.

In Adrian the Robbs have been interested in the social clubs and philanthropic work of the city.

Margaret Jane Robb attended St. Mary's School at Peekskill, N. Y., later going to the Fairmount School in Washington, D. C. On October 9, 1930, she was united in marriage with George Alexander Gibson in the home of her parents. George, b. in Adrian, July 18, 1906, is a graduate of the University of Michigan and a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. They like the Robbs have resided in various cities but in 1936 are living in Adrian.

Phyllis Thorne Robb attended the Laurel School in Cleveland, O., later going to the National College of Education in Evanston, Ill., where she studied Kindergarten work. She was married to Roy William Olsen on Feb. 10, 1934, at Maumee, O. Roy b. in Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 13, 1913. They have since resided in Adrian, Roy being a manager of a local A. & P. Store. The Olsens have a daughter, Ann Margaret, b. in Adrian, Sept. 6, 1936.

William Harrison, son of Rolla L. and Maud H. (Ayers) Taylor, was born in Adrian, April 29, 1888. He grew up in Adrian but after the death of his mother in 1896 spending considerable time in the home of his grandparents in Mansfield, O., especially spending the long summer vacations there. He was educated in the Adrian schools, then attended the University of Michigan for a year where he was a member of Sigma Phi Fraternity.

Entering upon a business career, this took him to far off Winnipeg, Canada, and later to New York City where he spent several years in the automobile tire business. He and Frances Mildred Waldby had grown up together. She was the daughter of Harry B. and Emily (Radcliffe) Waldby, a family well known about Adrian. William and Frances were married in Adrian, June 30, 1917. They have two living children,—Marjorie Elizabeth, b. Nov. 28, 1919, and William Harry, b. March 26, 1934.

For several years they lived in Peoria, Ill., but later settled in Adrian, buying a home at 371 E. Church St. William's work necessitated traveling and being away from home considerably so that it was better for his family to be in Adrian. He had been for a number of years with the Toledo Steel Products Co., serving as Assistant Sales Manager. This family attends the Episcopal Church.

Marjorie, graduated from the Adrian High School in 1936 and is now studying at the Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass., and will later finish at the University of Michigan.

William Harry is at home with his parents attending the Adrian Schools. He is the one male descendant in this branch of the family bearing the name of Taylor.

Lavenia Adelaide, daughter of Rolla L. and Maud H. (Ayers) Taylor, was born in Adrian, Dec. 8, 1891, so that she was not quite five years of age when her mother died, almost too young to remember a mother at all. As her brother, Will, was named for his grandfather Taylor, so Adelaide was named for her grandmother Taylor. She attended the Adrian Schools, later on going to Wheaton Seminary (now College) at Norton, Mass.

She was married to Charles Bemiss May 31, 1911, and they had two children, Robert David, b. Nov. 18, 1912, and Florence Jean, b. April 1, 1922. In 1930 Adelaide secured a divorce from Charles. On April 2, 1932, Adelaide was married to J. Peter Tazelaar in Detroit, Mich. He has been for several years in the business of transporting automobiles from Detroit to various points throughout the United States. In the spring of 1936 his business connections necessitated their moving to Evansville, Ind., where Florence Jean was legally adopted by Peter Tazelaar in August, 1936.

Robert David Bemiss graduated from the High School in Lansing, Michigan, and worked there in a shoe store until accepting a similar position in Detroit in 1930. His mother was living there at the time so he could make his home with her. Florence Jean was then living in Mason, Michigan. Peter Tazelaar was instrumental in Robert Bemiss's getting a position with the same company he worked for which took Robert to Chicago, Ill., to live. There he met Mary Homkohl and they were married Dec. 17, 1935. A son, Robert David, Jr., was born to them on Aug. 7, 1936, in Chicago, Ill.

Florence Jean is living in Evansville, Ind., and attending school there.

Howard Thorne, son of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born on March 25, 1862, in Sidney, O. He attended the Sidney Schools and as a young man entered the employ of Taylor and Brother, in other words his uncle and his father. By that time they were doing a flourishing business so not only he but his cousins, Uncle Oliver's sons, were working and learning the hardware business. Both he and Rolla when they were growing boys had very serious falls, one from high up on the new Presbyterian Church and the other from the third floor of the new Taylor building. Rolla fractured his skull which always affected the sight of one eye and Howard broke his collar bone. These were some of the difficulties their parents had to face in rearing their large family.

To all the younger members of the family and probably to many of their friends and relatives, these two brothers are always associated together very intimately. There was only two years' difference in their ages and they were until Howard's death in business together. At the same time their social life was very much in common.

Howard went to Mansfield with his family in 1881 and accepted a position with Crawford and Taylor, which he kept until he moved to Adrian in 1884. He, too, was a charter member of the famous Our Club along with J. Arthur Rigby, Hugh McFall, Nat Bigelow

and other young bachelors of that day. It is evident that both of these brothers lived in Mansfield only three years so that they never became identified with that city as the other members of the family did.

Taylor Brothers had not been established long in Adrian when this young bachelor met Maude Howell, daughter of Major and Mrs. Seymour Howell, who lived at the corner of State and Union Sts. They were married on May 27, 1885, by the Rev. Dr. Franklin. They lived at various addresses, Howell being born in the little house on State St. just next to his grandfather Howell's residence, but they finally moved to the house at the corner of S. Winter and Dallas Sts. which Captain Taylor gave to them. To the young members of the family in Mansfield the homes of Rolla and Howard were just like second homes, and the Adrian contingent always felt that way about the home in Mansfield. All went back and forth without any formality whatsoever.

Both of the Adrian sons having married Mauds, in order to distinguish them they were spoken of as Rolla's Maud or Howard's Maude. Almost every Christmas was spent by the whole family together, either the Adrianites would come to Mansfield or the Mansfieldians would go to Adrian. Once the Mansfield household was moving on Adrian when Rose was a little girl and old Henry Eldredge was in the party some travelers waiting for a train at Monroeville thought it was an Uncle Tom's Cabin theatrical company.

Howard was musical. Besides playing the piano by ear, he had a very good tenor voice. He and Roll both played wind instruments in the Sidney Band, and in the Minstrel Shows while Roll was cutting up as an end man Howard was one of the serious soloists. He also sang in the Presbyterian choir and at many local functions.

He had the family liking for baseball and was an expert billiard player. He was also a most graceful dancer. The dancing of Maude and Howard together was generally admired and commented upon. But his great interest other than family and business was Masonry. Besides being his social interest it became also the outward and formal expression of his religion. As one of his brother Masons said at the time of his death, "Howard was a Mason from the ground up; he not only acted Masonry, he lived it."

He entered the Masonic fraternity in Adrian in 1887, when he took all the degrees in the blue lodge and the chapter. He was a past master of Adrian Lodge No. 19. He was also a past commander of Adrian Commandery No. 4, and a past grand commander of the grand commandery of the State of Michigan, having held all the offices below that station. He was a member of the Michigan Sovereign Consistory of Detroit, and a member of the Moslem Temple Shrine, also of Detroit. But the pinnacle of his Masonic career was reached September 18, 1917, when at the annual meeting of the Supreme Council of the North Masonic Scottish Rite of the U. S. A., held in New York city, he took the 33rd degree, the very

highest honor that can be conferred upon any Mason. There were only two others in Adrian at that time who shared that honor, Dr. W. E. Jewett and George Armstrong.

He and Maude came on to Boston after he had received the 33rd degree for a visit with Rose and Alan but he was not well then. He was not one to complain and made light of his physical weakness which was most apparent even then. They returned home and it was on January 18, 1918, that he died very suddenly as his father and mother had. He had been at the store as usual that day but this sudden attack seized him upon his return to his home for dinner. He was buried from the Adrian Masonic Temple on Jan. 22nd the service being conducted by the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Michigan.

A beautiful memorial of him was issued by the Grand Commandery from which we quote: "Brother Taylor was a loyal, enthusiastic and efficient Mason. No mere recital of Masonic record can do justice to his service. Always courteous and obliging, he gave generously of his time, thought and energy to the upbuilding of our order. The memory of his service in the hearts of those who knew and loved him will remain the most lasting monument of his service and worth. . . . His family, the community and our Order will long miss him, and mourn his summoning.

> 'They are passing away, those dear old friends,
> Like a leaf on the current cast;
> With never a break in the rapid flow,
> We watch them as one by one they go,
> Into the beautiful past.' "

Maude Howell was born in Sharon, Mich., Sept. 2, 1866, the daughter of Seymour and Eliza Howell. They lived in Jackson, Mich., and Logansport, Ind., before coming to Adrian in 1880. Her father was at one time general manager of the Peninsular car shops and later an executive in the Commercial Savings Bank. He came out of the Civil War with the rank of Major and received the rank of Lieut. Colonel for his service in the War with Spain. He was, however, generally known as "Major Howell".

Maude was member of the Eastern Star and belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was also an active member of the Christian Science Church. She had gone to boarding school at Grainger Place, Canandaigua, New York.

Both of the Maudes had come into the Taylor family when the younger children were so small that they could not remember when they were not in the family. They seemed more like blood sisters than sisters-in-law. Throughout Maude Howell's life, that relationship deepened with the years. She suffered a stroke of paralysis in Jan. 1928 and passed quietly away in Adrian Mar. 24, of that same year. Her bright cheerful disposition had won her many friends. She is buried in Oakwood cemetery, Adrian.

Seymour Howell, son of Howard Thorne and Maude (Howell) Taylor, was born in Adrian on August 16, 1888. He was named for his maternal grandfather. He grew up in the home of his parents attending the city schools and graduating from the high school. Very early in his life he showed a marked artistic gift having a fine singing voice which developed into a rich baritone as he matured. He also showed that he could do things with his hands, either drawing designs or actually making things. Thus he showed a leaning toward architecture at an early age.

While he was in the high school there was a fraternity which he and his cousin, Will, belonged to along with many of their friends of that day, Robert Moreland, Langdon Larwill, Darley Channer and others. They were keen about minstrel shows and other forms of entertainment. That is where Howell first showed that he had a voice.

The Howells had had a cottage at Sand Lake at an earlier time, so when the children were young Howard and Maude purchased one. In fact they purchased three for two were burned to the ground and Howell still owns the "Double Decker" on the south shore of the lake. Many good times were had by every member of the family at each and every one of those cottages and some very happy memories center around them. Howell was particularly fond of Sand Lake and was wont to gather his friends about him there. He was fond of sailing and had a sailboat. He built the little boat house at what was then the water's edge.

After graduating from the Adrian High School he attended a private school in New Haven, Conn. It was run by George Fox, a well known Yale graduate. There he prepared for the Mass. Institute of Technology in Boston from which he graduated in architecture with the class 1914. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and sang on the Glee Club. He also edited one of the undergraduate papers.

He practiced his profession in Adrian, Chicago and Ann Arbor. Three public schools in Adrian and a sorority house in Ann Arbor as well as many houses stand as his work. On April 24, 1923, he married Celia Margaret Brainerd of Adrian in Hammond, Ind., when she was studying at the University of Wisconsin. They did not have many years together as she died in Evanston, Ill., on July 3, 1925, after the birth of little Celia. She is buried in Adrian.

At that time his mother gave up her work as House Mother at the Principia School at St. Louis, Mo., in order to keep house for him and to take care of Celia. After the death of his mother his sister and JS Gray took the little girl into their home in Monroe, Mich., as one of their own children.

About 1929 Howell went to Ann Arbor to live and to practice architecture. There he met Helen Claire McCallum, daughter of George P. and Mrs. McCallum, and they were married in the McCallum home by the Rev. Henry Lewis on June 20, 1932. These

were the days of the depression when people were not building houses. Howell and Helen had an offer to go to Beirut, Syria, to take up some work and they decided to accept that during the summer of 1933. Helen was a graduate of the University of Michigan and had been teaching in the schools so she accepted a position to teach in the Community School connected with the American University in Beirut and Howell went into a commercial venture. Together with Celia they sailed away from New York in the late summer of 1933.

Celia Howell, daughter of Seymour Howell and Celia Margaret (Brainerd) Taylor, was born in Evanston, Ill., July 2, 1925, and is now living in Beirut, Syria.

Harriet Kimball, daughter of Howard Thorne and Maude Howell Taylor, was born in Adrian, on June 2, 1892. She spent her childhood there with her family attending the city schools and graduating from the High School. Later she went to Washington, D. C., where she studied at the Colonial School. She, too, was musical and all the experiences at Sand Lake suggested in connection with her brother, Howell, could be repeated here. Their home was always a meeting-place for their friends as was the cottage at Sand Lake. Her parents were always a part of the life of the younger generation.

On Sept. 10, 1912, in the garden of the Howell home on State St., she was united in marriage with JS Gray, son of the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Gray. The ceremony was performed by the groom's father who was then on the faculty of Adrian College. JS had graduated from Adrian College as had his father and brother before him. He belonged to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity and was active in undergraduate athletics and journalism. He since has been for twenty years a member of the College Board of Trustees.

After leaving college he accepted a position on the Adrian Telegram, becoming managing editor of that paper and acquiring an interest in the ownership which he still retains. In 1927 he purchased the Monroe (Mich.) Evening News in association with Stuart H. Perry and became President and Editor of that paper. Since that time the Grays have made their home in Monroe. Outside of his own editorial and management duties he has been active in professional and civic work in his own state and elsewhere.

He is at the present time president of the Inland Daily Press Association, the oldest and largest of the country's regional daily newspaper publishers' associations. The association has a membership of 285 daily newspapers of 21 middle western states with headquarters in Chicago and executive offices in Madison, Wisconsin. He is one of three men by the name of Gray listed in current editions of Michigan's "Who's Who." That gazette in noting facts concerning his journalistic and civic activities adds that his editorial writings have enjoyed "some state and national mention over a 20 year period."

When the United States entered the world war JS volunteered and went to Fort Sheridan, Ill., in 1917. He became a First Lieutenant in the Artillery. He served with the 3rd, 5th, and 6th Division regulars in training at Chickamauga Park, at Anniston, Alabama, and at Spartanburg, S. C., respectively, going overseas with the 6th in the rank of captain to which he was promoted May 8, 1918. He sailed overseas from Camp Mills, New York July 7, 1918. After service with his division on the Gerardmer front in the Vosges mountains, in the Argonne, and at Verdun, he was transferred after the Armistice to the 42nd Division which had become a part of the Army of Occupation and was then located at Coblentz and Anweiler in Germany. He returned home with the 42nd reaching New York April 26, 1919, and going to Washington where he mustered out his battalion. He completed his own term of Army Service in New York in June after a month leave from duty. He had been recommended for promotion to major while in France and on his retirement from the service received and accepted a reserve commission in that rank.

Thorne, daughter of JS and Harriet (Taylor) Gray, was born in Adrian, July 6, 1920, where she lived until her family moved to Monroe in which city she has since made her home with her parents. She has attended the local schools and will graduate from the High School in 1937 after which she will go away to school.

Grattan, son of JS and Harriet (Taylor) Gray, was born in Adrian, Aug. 24, 1925. He is at home with his parents in Monroe attending school there.

Whitmore, son of JS and Harriet (Taylor) Gray, was born on Nov. 6, 1932, in Monroe where he lives with his parents.

Margaret Graham, daughter of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born in Sidney Jan. 30, 1866. As a very little child she suffered an accident which made her a cripple for life. Aunt "Rilla" was playing the piano for her to do a childish dance when the little girl tripped on a rug and fell on her knee knocking off the knee cap. Probably in these days modern surgery could do something for such a case but in those days nothing could be done. The knee stiffened. Doctors from Cincinnati, from Columbus and from Indianapolis were consulted but the knee remained stiff. For years she was compelled to wear an iron brace and was always in pain. Yet she went to school on crutches and traveled about as fast as other children. Because of that her father gave her the name of "Pigeon".

Of course she had to be nurtured carefully but with all that she became very self-reliant. She became an expert horse woman riding whenever she had the time, of course riding side-saddle as no lady in those days would have ridden astride. She went to dancing

school and learned to dance beautifully. She also played the piano most acceptably.

She went to Mansfield when the family moved there and by that time was developing her interest in house-keeping and becoming a great aid to her mother. As she grew older she was not only an aid to her mother but every other member of the family came to depend upon her in one way or another. One might affectionately call her the family manager. If something was to be done, she did it. If something was to be found she found it.

She united early in life with the Presbyterian Church and was an active member in one or more of its organizations, acting as chairman for bazaars and sales and suppers as well as decorating the church for great festival occasions. Despite her affliction she served in that way always with a cheerful disposition and in the spirit of real sacrifice.

On May 27, 1891, she was united in marriage to Claude L. Platt by the Rev. D. J. Meese and lived with him for several years, longer than most people thought she would, but it was a most unfortunate affair and ultimately she had to ask for a divorce. When this was secured she regained her maiden name. From that time she was at home and a great help to her parents. This might be said with double emphasis in connection with the help she gave to her father after the death of her mother.

In 1909 she underwent a serious major surgical operation after which for months she lingered between life and death. She was in the Mansfield Hospital for weeks when she had a nurse, Ella Coughlan, who came home with her and stayed in the Taylor household for 11 months. The whole family became devoted to nurse Coughlan at that time. She is now a practicing physician in E. Orange, N. J., and has always remained an intimate of the family.

Margaret never fully recovered from that operation. While she went everywhere she wanted to go and did most of the things she would have done, yet invalidism was hanging over her. With all that she was cheerful, doing for others as she always had. A stranger would never have known of the anxiety in which she was living. After her father's marriage she remained at home giving herself to Mollie as she had been wont to do for others.

She moved to Adrian with the family in 1913 and after her father's death, she and Mollie made a home together until Mollie decided to return to New York where she had lived before her marriage. Margaret kept the home open for a year or so then decided to go into rooms in the Colonial Home which was run by Mrs. Hattie Lambie. She and her daughters made a special effort to make Margaret comfortable and she enjoyed being with them, but in the winter of 1917 her old trouble reappeared and she was taken to the hospital in Adrian. Rose left Boston to be with her and stayed until the end.

She was a great sufferer at that time and another operation was of no avail. She died on Sunday morning, April 15, 1917, and the burial took place in the family lot in Graceland cemetery, Sidney, the service being held in the home of her cousin, William Taylor McLean. There had been a short service in the home of Howard Taylor in Adrian, conducted by the Rev. Edw. Montgomery and the Rev. C. H. Channer. The service in Sidney was conducted by the Revs. Mr. Love of the Presbyterian Church and the patriarch, Robert McCaslin, who had known her since childhood.

With father's death in 1913, Frank's in 1916, Margaret's in 1917 and Howard's in 1918, the family which we had always considered a large one dwindled sadly.

Frank Fuller, son of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born in Sidney Oct. 9, 1868, where he lived with his parents until they moved to Mansfield in 1881, and from that time on spent most of his life in that city. Birthdays were celebrated quite seriously in the Taylor family and always with a turkey, if one were obtainable. Because Oct. 9th came so early in the season ordinarily it would have been difficult to get a turkey, but father seized time by the forelock and usually had a turkey fattening early enough for that celebration.

Frank attended the schools of Sidney and Mansfield but later was sent to his father's college, Antioch at Yellow Springs, O., and later to Adrian College at Adrian, Mich. He did not graduate as he went into business in Mansfield beginning at the Nail Mill in which his father had a large investment. At other times he was employed by the Humphrey's Pump Co., the National Biscuit Co. and the Richland Vehicle Co. He also worked for Taylor Brothers in Adrian.

He was a very genial person and a natural mimic but his mimicry had to be spontaneous; he could never perform when people asked him to do so. He was naturally self-conscious which may have been taken at times as disinterest or indifference. He was always well-disposed toward people and the writer has reason to remember that when he was taken with typhoid fever in London, Eng., that it was Frank who came across the sea to be with him. There can be no question, however, but that he was gullible, and unscrupulous individuals took advantage of his good nature.

On Feb. 26, 1890, he was married to Sadie Sholty in Canton, O., by the Rev. Mr. Fields. This match lasted for about ten years but ended in a divorce. About four years before his death he located in Anderson, Ind., but after two years he went to Columbus, O., where he was engaged in the automobile business. A short time before his death in Columbus he married Glena Lasher. It seemed

as though he were going to have some years of happy married life but he was stricken with a serious disease and died on May 13, 1916.

Margaret had come on to Boston to be with Rose who was to undergo an operation, but having heard of Frank's serious condition, she hurried back to Columbus and was with him during the last days of his life. Frank was a Mason and an Elk and it was the latter order which took part in his funeral service which was held in the home of Uncle Oliver Taylor and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Love of the Presbyterian Church. He was buried in the family lot in Graceland cemetery.

Alan McLean, son of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born on March 1, 1878, in Sidney and was taken to Mansfield at the age of three and a half when his parents moved there. Therefore, his memories of Sidney as his home were rather vague although he came to know the town well in later years as well as relatives and the friends of his family. Many of them became his own friends.

He started to school at the Marion Ave. building and continued there except for one year at the W. First St. School until he went away to boarding school when he was 15. Those schooldays are very vivid in his memory as he recalls teachers and fellow pupils and many pleasant experiences. At that time it was a rather select neighborhood for a public school and he made many friends who have continued so to this day. They were in most instances the children of his parents' friends. At any rate they were his friends.

There were many amateur performances in Mansfield in those days given for one benefit or another and the Taylor children seemed to get into these. Then there was the Hawkins Dancing School which more than one generation attended with much pleasure and equal benefit in learning to dance and in learning ordinary ball-room deportment and good manners. Too much cannot be said for the influence of the Hawkinses on the growing youth of Mansfield at that time. They gave kermises which interested the youth immensely.

Alan attended the Presbyterian Sunday School where he had interesting teachers whom he has ever since liked to call his friends, Ernest Douglass, Ed Baxter, Mary Black (Mrs. J. Arthur Rigby) and Emmett Ganz. The Rigby-Black wedding when he was 12 was his first grown-up social function and it has always remained a bright spot in his memory. When he was 13 he joined the Presbyterian Church in the old church opposite Central Park. He was active in the Children's Mission Band under the leadership of Mrs. Marion Douglass.

Probably his earliest associate was a little boy who lived on Fourth St. just back of the Taylor home; his name was Ed Roy

Parsons and until Roy's death in 1926 that friendship remained real. Probably the first little girl he noticed was Mary Leyman with whom he started to school on Marion Ave. It is a great temptation to mention a score of the boys and girls of that day who made life vivid and interesting.

At the age of 15 Alan was sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., under the guidance of his cousin, Frank Crawford, who had gone there the year before. John Burns accompanied them and John and Alan were roommates that first year in the Paradise House just off of Salem St. on Highland Road. It was quite a departure for this boy and as subsequent years show, it meant a break with his home except for the short holidays and the long summer vacations.

During the first summer vacation after he had gone to Andover he received this letter from his mother while he was visiting in Sidney. It is characteristic of hundreds she wrote to her children.

Mansfield, July 29, 1894.

"My dear Boy:

"I feel that I am getting back to the old way, writing to my dear boy on the Sabbath afternoon. When we received your letter yesterday your father said that he would answer you right away, but he tells me today that he failed to do it. I received a dear little letter from Rose this morning, so here I am at my usual work on the Sabbath.

"We were glad to know that Will (McLean) was better than you expected to find him. I am sure that dear little Bertha felt relieved. I am writing in your room and it is rather warm. Do you think that Rose will want her wheel? If she does, I can send it; it would not take her so long to go down to Aunt Kate's if she had it.

"I am glad that you are enjoying yourself; be a good boy and treat every one gentlemanly. I suppose that you were glad to see Maud and the little ones. Give my love to Maud and kiss the children for me. I think that I will send you some more flowers during the week.

"Tell Will to take good care of himself for he has so much to live for. Give Nell my love and tell her that I have thought of her many times. When is Rolla to be with you? When he comes, you go with him to where our loved ones sleep after life's fitful dream.

"Six months yesterday since he (Edwin) went to sleep. Can it be possible? Six months since I looked for the last time upon him whom I loved so well. But there is one thing we know; tears and sighs and heart yearnings will not bring him back to us, but we, when this troublous life is over, shall go to him.

"The text this morning was 'Is it well with the young man, Absolom?' And I thought, 'Yes, it is well'. I am afraid that you will think my letter too sad, but my dear little boy, I cannot help it

sometimes. I try to look on the bright side, but my heart fills and flows over. Forgive me, dear Alan, for I do not want you to feel badly. Love to everyone and my heart to you.

"Your Mother."

Your scribe could write reams about Andover for in a way that period was the golden age. Of course there were good teachers; he remembers some of them with genuine affection,—Charlie Forbes, Allen Benner, Archie Freeman, "Pap" Eaton; they taught him much and became very good friends. Of course there were scores of boys whom he loved to know and his friendship for them continues, but perhaps the most potent association he had in Andover was with Dr. and Mrs. George Harris. He was then the Pres. of the Andover Theological Seminary, a gentleman and a scholar. She was an attractive lady who did much for many boys in Andover, taken as they were out of their homes, but what she did for Alan Taylor is beyond estimate. Imagine a growing boy taken up by these delightful and cultured people and made to feel that their home was his home. He traces many aspirations for what is good and fine and worthwhile in his life to the influence of the Harrises.

For three years he had that association and inspiration, and after Dr. Harris had become Pres. of Amherst College and he was in Yale College this continued. During the theological school and ministry up to the time of the death of the Harrises this continued. This boy would like to express here his unending gratitude to these friends.

In school Alan sang on the Glee Club and was a member of the Dramatic Club but the social life of Andover took much of his extra-curriculum time. He got to know the Smiths very well,—Agnes, Esther, Elizabeth, and Mary, together with the Goodhues, the Goulds, the Doves, the Prides and the Chapins. There were numberless good times at the November Club.

The Crawford boys had been members of the K. O. A. society but Alan joined A. U. V. where he made lasting friends and had many good times. For years he was Chairman of the Board which planned the new house, raised the money and handed it on to the younger generation. Nat Pride was one of his warmest friends. Nat lived in Andover and his home was a delightful place to visit. He was very musical and together with Mrs. Harris did much in deepening the musical appreciation of Alan Taylor.

After being in school three years Alan's father planned a trip abroad for him with the Rev. Sydney Strong who had married Anna Tracy of Mansfield. It was the summer of 1896 just after he had taken the preliminary exams for Yale. There was a party of about 20 boys who were to bicycle through England and a part of the continent. Upon landing at Liverpool Alan began to run a temperature and by the time the party reached Oxford was a very sick boy. He was hustled off to London and into Guy's Hospital, where the disease was diagnosed as typhoid fever. There he stayed

eleven weeks. Dr. Strong had to take the other boys on to the continent but there was in the party a young medical student from Columbus, O., John Dudley Dunham, who stayed with the patient until word was received that the patient's brother, Frank, had sailed.

The patient has always felt rather tenderly toward Dr. Dunham, and his brother, Frank, for what they did then, also toward the doctors and nurses at Guy's but especially toward Mary Barker, his day nurse for weeks. His "ginger bread" nurse he called her as she had red hair. They have corresponded ever since for 40 years.

Alan entered the class of 1902 in Yale College in the fall of 1898, having as his roommate George B. Carpenter of Chicago who had been in A. U. V. in Andover with him. They lived together for 4 years. Just next to them lived William Day and Julian Burdick from Andover too, and upstairs was George Walter Lindenberg. These five stuck together through the whole four years regardless of society line-ups. "Dutch" Lindenberg became Alan's other roommate in sophomore year in Old Berkeley.

There was good teaching at Yale; it is easy to recall Herbert Hawkes and Tommie Goodell. There was Prof. Reynolds in the Greek Drama. There were "Billie" Phelps, Henry Beers, Eddie Reed, Charlton Lewis in English, H. A. Farr in German, George B. Adams in history, and Billie Sumner in the Science of Society. But one never knew people in New Haven as in Andover. The life there was more among the students, although there was some social life among the younger people.

Alan was taken into the sophomore society of Kappa Psi, the Junior fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi and into the senior society of Skull and Bones. The sophomore society afforded some social life as they used to have dances in New York at Sherry's and Delmonico's which were very delightful. But the friends one made at Yale counted for most and are the most enduring possession today.

Alan sang with the Glee Club and took an interest in the College Y. M. C. A. centering in Dwight Hall. While in College he decided to be confirmed in the Episcopal Church so he and Langdon Laws were prepared for confirmation by Dr. Frank Woods Baker at Trinity Church and were confirmed by Bishop Chauncey B. Brewster of Conn., April 1, 1900. Dr. and Mrs. Baker were most cordial to Alan and when Rose came to the Prom in 1902 they entertained her at their house.

In the summer of 1900 Alan went abroad with Dr. Strong, as his father thought that he had been cheated out of every pleasant experience by disease in 1896. This time they were accompanied by Mrs. Strong and a group of adults and the tour took them to the Passion Play in Oberammergau. That was a memorable summer. About that time this young man was making up his mind that he wanted to go into the Christian ministry which, since he had been

confirmed, meant the Episcopal ministry. Letters from his family showed them agreeable to this, and even Dr. Meese, his pastor for so many years in the Mansfield Presbyterian Church, did not really object.

He became interested in the work of the Berkeley Society, the Episcopal student organization in college and also taught a Bible class at Trinity Church. He became a candidate for Holy Orders from Trinity Church and was accepted by Bishop Brewster. The Rev. Anson P. Stokes, then the Secretary of the University, did much for students thinking of going into the ministry. The finest thing he did for the writer was to invite him to have supper one Sunday night with Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the great rector of St. George's Church in New York City. A few days later the young candidate for Orders received a note from Dr. Rainsford asking him to join his staff for the summer. That was a magnificent opportunity which led up to his return for a part of another summer and ultimately to a call to be one of the assistant ministers.

The three years at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., were happy and profitable ones. Alan had never attended a small school like that before so this was a new experience. Where the students numbered only 36 and the faculty was not large in numbers there was a pleasant family life in the school and friendly intercourse with the Professors. We dined with them, visited with them and consulted them. There were giants on the faculty, some of the original number that had made the school famous and some of a later day who contributed to the fame. Dr. A. V. G. Allen, Dr. Peter Streenstra, Dean George Hodges, Prof. Henry Nash, Prof. E. S. Drown and Dr. Max Kellner, each a master in his subject and each contributing to the intellectual and spiritual development of the Church. It was a great privilege for students to sit under these men who were stimulating at all times. This particular student found Dr. Allen the greatest teacher of them all, probably the greatest teacher he ever sat under anywhere.

This Master was at that time a widower and living alone; his home was always open and numberless chats were held on every subject imaginable. One learned there the philosophy of history as well as history, he learned theology and he learned a philosophy of life. For two years this student had dinner with the Master once every week that he was in Cambridge and it is simply impossible to state the help and inspiration which came from such a memorable friend.

Besides his regular work in the school this student worked for nearly three years at St. Mary's Church for Sailors in East Boston, first with William Crocker and later with Arthur Ketchum. Also during his last year in the school he taught a Bible class at Trinity Church, Boston. All that meant experience; it also meant friends for he has continued to count his East Boston friends among his best. Also his last year in the school he was Secretary of "My

Neighbor Club" which brought speakers to the school and afforded him contact with many interesting people.

There was a delightful life in the school and that was added to by the fact that the Yale students in the Harvard Law School lived in one of the Theological School's dormitories and ate at the refectory, so that he was thrown with many Yale friends in that way. Among these was Ben Low with whom he went to concerts and lectures.

The call to St. George's came in the early months of his sojourn in Cambridge. It was accepted so that he did not have to worry about where he was going after his graduation. There was one particular joy about that,—his mother, who died at the beginning of his second year, knew that he had received the call.

He was made a Deacon in St. John's Chapel by Bishop William Lawrence on the morning of June 7, 1905, when he was presented by Hatch Sterrett who had come up from St. George's. The work at St. George's began on July 1 of that year and from that time until his ministry ended on Palm Sunday, 1908, the life in New York was full of experience and stimulation for one who would have to go out some day to accept the responsibilities of a rector of a parish. The training a young man received in those days under Dr. Rainsford was considered the best in the church and his influence lasted in the parish as long as Alan remained there.

Imagine the disappointment, however, when we heard in Cambridge that he had broken down and would not be in New York when this young assistant would arrive! After dreaming about being there with the old rector, to hear that we were not to have that experience! The new assistant had to content himself with the fact that he had known the old rector, that he had worked in the parish as a student under him and that he had been called by him. In later years he was to know him quite well in Ridgefield, Conn., as well as his charming wife and his sons.

The assistant clergy lived together on the top floor of the Memorial House in pleasant quarters, the work was engrossing and we met scores of interesting people in connection with the parish and in the city. Two friends outstanding in that galaxy were Maude and Charlie Perry. Maude was a sister of Mrs. Rainsford and a very stimulating friend. They had a place at Ridgefield, Conn., called West Cottage which became a second home for Alan Taylor. There is no way of measuring the meaning of the Perrys' friendship. This could be multiplied with the friendship of others, people from "uptown" or people from the East Side.

Alan was ordained to the Priesthood by Bishop Lawrence in Trinity Church, Boston, on Sunday, May 6, 1906, when his presenter was Dr. A. V. G. Allen and the preacher, Dr. Alexander Mann.

After Dr. Rainsford's resignation in 1906, Hugh Birckhead was elected Rector. He had been one of the fellow-assistants so the clergy felt very familiar with him. As long as they stayed at St. George's,

Hugh carried on in the vein of Dr. Rainsford, so the break was less difficult. The work went on and the spirit of the parish remained the same.

In January, 1908, Alan met his sister, Rose, in Boston and at that time he was invited to dine with the H. A. Lambs on Beacon St. Mrs. Lamb had given the Church of the Holy Spirit in Mattapan Square in memory of her father, Benj. S. Rotch. Alan was taken out to see the church, to meet the wardens and vestry, and preached in St. Mary's, E. Boston, the following Sunday. A short time after this he received a call to become the rector of the Mattapan church, and in the due course accepted.

He began his ministry in Mattapan on Easter Sunday, April 19, 1908 and from that time until 1930 his life centered in Mattapan. There was no rectory so he took an apartment at 1589 Blue Hill Ave., almost in Mattapan Square, where he set up housekeeping. His sister Margaret came on to get him settled and stayed into that summer. In the autumn his sister, Rose, came on and from that time to 1930 made her home with him, helping in the home and also in every way in the church.

On May 26, 1926, the Boston Transcript printed quite a story on the occasion of the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the consecration of the church. Some of that follows:

"When the present rector was called to the parish in 1908, Bishop Lawrence said to him that if it had been ten years before, he wouldn't have known what to say in the way of encouraging him to accept the call, but with the inrush of people and with the improved facilities in transportation there seemed unquestionably to be a splendid opportunity for work. The bishop, as usual, had correctly estimated the possibilities.

"In 1910 the parish house, which was given by Mrs. Lamb in memory of her mother, the late Annie Bigelow (Lawrence) Rotch, was opened and has added greatly to the efficiency of the parish. In 1911 the rectory was built by the people of the parish, and last year an extensive and important addition was made to the parish house.

"In 1907, 209 communicants were reported to the Diocesan Convention. The number of communicants reported in 1925 was 571, the total number of people in the parish reaching 1000.

"The church ministers to people in a territory stretching from Great Blue Hill to Franklin Park, a distance of six miles; territory sufficient for one man to cover.

"In 1908 the Church School had an enrollment of officers, teachers and pupils of 150. Today the enrollment reaches 350, the school meets in two sessions, at 9:30 and 11 o'clock in the morning, respectively, and fills the parish house at both sessions.

"The church is in a strategic situation, and stands open to all new comers with a cordial welcome."

The church was the social center for a large community bringing together the well-to-do of Milton with the moderately well-off of Mattapan. It was a social experiment as was St. George's on a larger scale. The rectory became just another adjunct of the social center where people felt free to come at any time. Rose contributed much to this as she did in her work with the girls of the parish in the Junior Auxiliary. Many of them grew up to call her blessed.

Friends. That is the word which describes the life in Mattapan, and loyalty to the Church was a matter of course. It is a sore temptation to mention some of those friends, but it would not be fair. If all cannot be mentioned, it is better not to mention any.

Then came the consciousness that the rector was to celebrate 20 years in that parish. He and Rose had wanted for some time to get away for a Sabbatical leave and had thought of the Near East. This leave of absence was granted by the Vestry, the 20 years were recognized at a delightful reception in the parish house in Jan., 1928, and at the end of that month the two travelers started off for seven months in Mediterranean countries and Europe.

It was a glorious Sabbatical. They had studied and read about it for more than a year. They had planned the itinerary. They had letters to interesting people in every country so it was a really triumphal experience. They were in Jerusalem for Easter and had two delightful weeks with dear friends, Wesley and Georgina Fairbanks in Greece. The rest of the time was spent in Italy, France and England, and they landed in Quebec in time to make Boston and the church for the first Sunday in September.

Alan had been told about three years before this trip that he was diabetic and had been on a very strict diet, carrying gluten bread with him on this vacation and having it sent to different points later. His condition did not seem to improve and this fact got very much on his nerves. It affected his whole outlook on life. It did not seem to matter what he did or what he might do. At last the break came and in Feb., 1930 he resigned from the Church of the Holy Spirit and gave up his orders in the Episcopal Church. It was a terrific upheaval.

Rose and he stored their household effects in Boston and went to Adrian, Mich., where their brothers had lived for years. Howard had died but his children were in Ann Arbor and Monroe. Rolla and Anna were in Florida as were the Robbs, just at that time. So, the Will Taylors alone of the family were in Adrian. Alan went almost immediately to the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit where his Yale classmate, Dr. Frank J. Sladen was the head of the medical department. There he underwent every kind of a test and examination and after 8 days Dr. Sladen and Dr. Daniel Foster, the specialist on diabetes, proved it was not that disease and were so encouraging that they sent their patient out with a new lease on life and an entirely new outlook. The patient goes back

regularly for a check-up and now, instead of expecting to die, he is full of life.

The life in Adrian from 1930 to 1936 has been pleasant and engrossing. Alan had been coming here since 1884 so knew many people besides his relatives. The summer of 1930 had been spent in Adelaide Dewey's cottage at Sand Lake, a dear and familiar spot to the Taylors. Adelaide was originally a Sand Lake friend but her friendship has run through many years in New York and Boston and Adrian as well. She has been one who has known of the life of Alan and Rose in New York and Boston for she visited them and always contributed much to the family circle. Her friendship has always been valued.

That summer at Sand Lake did wonders in setting up Alan again and gave both Rose and Alan a period to consider what they were going to do in the future. It amounted to their staying in Adrian and having their belongings sent on from Boston.

Alan's experience in the sort of ministry he had had, made him interested in social work. In the autumn of 1931 there was being agitated in Adrian some Emergency Relief work such as President Hoover was then trying to make local communities feel the responsibility for during the Depression. A local Emergency Relief Committee was formed and Alan was asked to act as chairman. He accepted and served in that capacity until the Committee was discharged in 1933 just previous to the formation of the Federal Emergency Relief under Pres. Roosevelt.

In the spring of 1933 he was elected President of the Adrian Associated Charities which he accepted, not knowing that there would be no paid executive to do the work. During that summer he was appointed a member of the Lenawee County Emergency Relief Commission and served on that until the spring of 1934. But it was too exacting, especially as there was no regular executive at the Associated Charities and he had to carry on there.

He has been willing to do the work for the Associated Charities and has found it most interesting although it has taken much more time than he ever expected. At the annual meeting of the Board in 1936 he was re-elected to the Board and President for another term of three years.

Through the years he has been a member of various organizations and clubs. He was a charter member of the Westbrook Country Club of Mansfield in the early days when the golf course was on the old Heinemann farm next to the Park on W. Fourth St. He was a member of the Yale Club in New York, of the Milton Club in Milton, Mass., and the Yale Club in Boston. One of his Clubs that meant much to him was the Parson's Club, a small group of intimate friends in the Episcopal ministry in Diocese of Mass. He was raised in Revere Lodge in Boston to be a Master Mason in March, 1917, and from that time until 1930 acted as Chaplain. He was

a member and chaplain of St. Paul's Chapter in Boston, and was also a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of which he was chaplain for several years in the Commandery of Mass.

His has been a full life, full of advantages and friends. The advantages came through the love, generosity, interest, inspiration of his parents. He has made the friends in the natural course of events by taking advantage of his opportunities. So he closes these lines with a quotation he used in a little article in the Class Book of the Class of 1902 at Yale, at its 25th reunion,—

"There is no friend like an old friend
Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold:
But friendship is the breathing rose, with fragrance in every fold."

Rose Kendall, daughter of William Harrison and Lavenia Adelaide (Thorne) Taylor, was born in Mansfield, on March 2, 1883, the only one of the children born in that city who grew to maturity. The family was living in the West Third Street house so it was there that her early life centered. Being the last of the children she was watched and nurtured rather carefully, in fact she had grown to adolescence before the older members of the family felt that she could look after herself.

She had many playmates in that neighborhood but the one outstanding then and in subsequent years was Hortense Pontius. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pontius and she had a brother, Roy, who was just a little older than these girls. Mr. Pontius had charge of the music in the Public Schools in those days and besides teaching everyone in that way he did much to promote good music and the appreciation of it in the city.

These girls started to school together and remained close friends for years after the Pontiuses had moved to Minneapolis. They met last in that city in 1920. Hortense was much in the Taylor home and shared just about on equal terms with Rose. They started at the Marion Ave. school and the writer remembers well the excitement in both the households the day they entered for he had to take them to school.

Rose was born the day after Alan's 5th birthday so that he had been made to understand that she was his birthday present. Birthdays have always been celebrated in the Taylor family, but these two have always had a joint celebration.

She was ten years of age when the family moved to the West Fourth St. house so had to make the break with the old neighborhood and school. From then until she went away to Boarding

School she attended the W. 5th St. School. Here she was thrown with an entirely different group of children, among them several whose friendship she cherished.

When she was about three a benefit performance called the Naiad Queen was produced in Mansfield by local talent. She impersonated the Queen, making her first appearance on the stage in a large shell. Her father presented her with a pair of bracelets but made the mistake of letting "Buck" Longsdorf, the stage manager, give them to her, and for a long time she insisted that "Buck" had been the presenter.

Rose went to Hawkins' Dancing School, as all the children did, where she made many new friends. In one of the Kermesses she and Earl Jones danced a fancy waltz dressed in Japanese kimonos. Probably it was at dancing school that she became intimate with Marjery Bird (Mrs. Jay Zahniser) and Helen Sullivan (Mrs. Paul Sturges). They lived respectively on Park Ave. and Third St., not far from the Taylor home, and while they did not go to the same school, they were inseparable. These two girls became important factors in the Taylor home and when Rose went away to school, they used to come regularly to the Taylor home, and in that way did much to fill a large void. These three girls have remained close friends throughout the years.

When Rose was 12 she was given a Shetland pony named Beauty which in her life played the part that Dock and Deck had played in the lives of the older children. There was a cart attached and the combination played a large part also in the lives of all her friends as well as in the lives of the nieces and nephews in Adrian. When Rose had gone away to school the combination was inherited by Rolla's children in Adrian.

About that time these girls together with Louise Abbott, Margaret Ritter and others formed the Cinderella Club which had a philanthropic motive and through various entertainments in their homes or at the Memorial Opera House raised a sum of money which was given to the new hospital then a-building.

Rose attended the Presbyterian Church along with her parents and was a member of that Sunday School. She learned to do for others there so well that she has never forgotten it, that feature playing a large part in her life. She joined the Presbyterian Church and was never confirmed in the Episcopal Church until after she had been living with Alan for several years in Boston.

In the autumn of 1899 she went away to school, a time which was momentous not only for her but for the family also. It meant that the last "chick" had left the nest, striking out in new fields and among strange people and leaving those at home quite conscious of their loneliness. Alan was entering his sophomore year at Yale and to him was entrusted the responsibility of taking his sister to Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. They had traveled some to-

gether but this trip started a whole series of trips which have continued for these two up to the present moment.

Rose's parents had heard of Lasell from different girls in Mansfield, for instance, Helen Simpson and Jessie Baxter, who had gone there. They had heard quite recently from Miss Tully of Council Bluffs, Iowa, the daughter of Captain Taylor's old friend, and all they could hear of Lasell was good. Alan had heard much of it also while at Andover, so the die was cast and Rose went there to school.

It was well located in a beautiful suburb of Boston with easy access to all the cultural advantages of that city. She got to know that city well, she took advantage of the many opportunities it afforded and came to love the city like a native. With Alan near, she got to know Andover and New Haven well becoming a friend of many of his friends. She also made her own friends in the School; they were girls from different parts of the country, and wherever she goes she meets these friends.

The list might start with her first roommate Rebecca Taylor of Sewickley, Pa., then there were Catherine Kendrick (Mrs. Burt Cole) of Los Angeles, Edna Lockwood (Mrs. Ernest Ellison), Charlotte, N. C., Cornelia Douglass (Mrs. Bond Houser) of Troy, O., Callie LeSeur (Mrs. John Wilson), Grand Rapids, Mich., Marion Cole (Mrs. Robert MacKenzie), Ann Arbor, Mich., Ella Heustis (Mrs. Edwin Barker), Crown Point, N. Y. They visited back and forth in each others' homes so that the families came to know each other.

Rose stayed at Lasell for three years and came to love the Seminary. She joined the Lasellia Society which association helped her. But during her last year there she began to think about going to a school in Boston the next year. Alan was to come to Cambridge so such a step seemed a wise one for her to take. Together they might do more things in Boston. After some deliberation it was decided that she go to Miss Chamberlayne's School on Commonwealth Ave., a small school where she would receive more personal instruction.

This school she entered in the autumn of 1902 and found the life there different from Lasell but interesting nevertheless. The girls lived more as one large family. There was good instruction and again she made good friends. She roomed with two cousins from Racine, Wis., Lydia Wallis and Jeannette Bull. Then there were Florence Gambrill of Baltimore, Margaret Dudley of Portland, Me., (Mrs. William Kirk), Bess Coleman of Troy, O., (Mrs. Harry Carver). They had delightful times together and incidentally imbibed much of what is mysteriously Boston. They went to the opera, theatre, concerts, lectures and paid visits to the Art Museum, then in Copley Square.

That year was a very happy one for both Alan and Rose as they were in a position to do much together and she met most of his friends at the Cambridge Theological School. Also they made

frequent trips to Andover for social events or for a week-end. The year rolled round too rapidly especially as it was the last for Rose to be in school.

She went home that June and it was rather providential that she had decided not to return to school for in October her mother died. Being at home she was able to help Margaret in making life possible for their father through that winter of 1903-04. It was an exacting winter for all of them.

From that time until October 1908, she made her home in Mansfield with the ordinary round of social gaiety but also took a class in the Presbyterian Sunday School. With Mollie in the family Margaret and Rose felt some respite from the responsibility of their father and a greater freedom to go as they wanted. They made a couple of visits to New York City while Alan was at St. George's Church and Rose was in Boston in 1908 when Alan first heard of the Mattapan Church. She was in the family party in California in 1906 when their visit came to such an abrupt end in the San Francisco earthquake. Rose's nerves were considerably affected by that experience and it took several months for her to regain her normal condition.

In October 1908 Rose went on to stay with Alan in his new home in Mattapan, Boston, and as related in another place, that remained her home until February 1930 when they left Boston. It was a happy home, first in the Blue Hill Ave. apartment among the tree-tops which they called "Tree-Tops, Jr." as the Senior Warden, Charles B. Amory, called his estate in Milton "Tree-Tops"; later in the comfortable rectory which was built for them, Franz E. Zerrahn being the architect.

Adelaide Dewey came on to spend the first Christmas with Rose and Alan. The second Christmas Rose was in Mansfield with Margaret who had had an operation, so Alan spent that holiday with the C. B. Amorys in town. After that they were invited to dine every Christmas night with the Francis Peabody family. Wonderful friends were the Peabodys. Usually on Easter they dined with the Peabodys also, so holidays are memorable.

Alan had known in New York Deaconness Caroline Barry who worked at the Church of the Ascension. When the Taylors got established in Mattapan among their early callers were the Barry sisters, Caroline and Elizabeth. Soon they were invited to dine with the Barrys where they met Mrs. Shelton Barry, mother of these sisters, and they all became close friends. Every Thanksgiving was spent with the Barrys and delightful visits were made at their place, Buttevant, at Camden, Me. Wonderful friends were the Barrys.

There were scores of pleasant people in the church and out of it during those years in Boston but space does not permit to mention all. They were happy years. Rose got interested in the church work which led up to her confirmation when Bishop Lawrence visited the Church of the Holy Spirit, Nov. 26, 1911.

She started the Junior Auxiliary among the growing girls of the parish and did a lasting work among them for the Church and for themselves. It was a completely finished job and there are many married women in Boston and beyond who would agree to that statement enthusiastically. She hears from them constantly. On her 50th birthday she heard from a large group of them who had not forgotten, sending greetings and a present to her.

Her training and teaching ability was recognized by the Diocesan authorities when she was elected to the Diocesan Board of the Woman's Auxiliary and the Diocesan Board of Education. Her departure from Boston made a large vacancy in the church life of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

In the spring of 1909 she and Alan had planned a trip abroad but Margaret was taken seriously ill and had to undergo a major operation in June of that year. It looked at one time as though the European trip would have to be postponed. This, however, was not the case and they sailed away for the Mediterranean early in July. They visited Italy, Switzerland, France and England, and this trip was the first of four which they have made together abroad. In 1914 they were caught in Berlin on Aug. 1, when Germany declared War on Russia, in 1923 they went to the Scandinavian countries and in 1928 they had their glorious seven months in the Near East and Europe.

All of these trips have always included the British Isles which they have come to know well and love dearly. Other memorable trips together have been to the Canadian Rockies and the North-West, to California, where Rose ran into her second earthquake, and to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras in 1933 where they were the guests of their dear friends, the Otto Kaelins. Otto was an old friend from the St. George's days.

Thus the lives of these two, a sister and a brother, have been lived together, which custom continues in Adrian, Mich., where they have made their home since February 1930. Their tastes are similar. They have always enjoyed doing the same things, all of which has helped to make life pleasant and interesting for them.

#836